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BY OPIE READ

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The American Cavalier.

THE AMERICAN CAVALIER

—BY—

OPIE READ

AUTHOR OF "THE HARKRIDERS", "A KENTUCKY COLONEL", "THE CAPTAIN'S ROMANCE", "ODD FOLKS," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

J. J. GOULD AND F. R. GRUGER

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This Book Is Dedicated to My Sincere Friend,
Forrest Crissey.

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deavor and the lizard of main strength —poured in the blood of a sow, all metaphorically, you understand, but, in the language of that delightful purist, Buck McFadden, there was nothing doing. Finally—so the story goes—he stabbed himself, and as he lay weltering—good word—the prison surgeon came, examined him and said: "You are fast bleeding to death."

"Ah, and is this my life blood here on the stones beside me?"

"Yea, the same," answered the physician.

"Then," exclaimed the dying man, "the problem is solved. I will write the preface with my life's blood." He did so and from the sales of his life's blood and his life's work, he realized enough to bury him.

Ah, but as to this book, these character sketches. My sole aim has been that they should be truthful, earnest, humorous, poetic, prosaic, inspirational and at times interesting. If I have been beset by too much modesty, let it be accredited to my early newspaper training.

OPIE READ.

The American Cavalier

THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN.

How the Commercial Traveler Has Won where the Athlete and Philosopher Failed.

On the top of a bleak hill, where the wind mourned among the scrub pines, a boy sat whittling with a rude knife made by the village blacksmith. Puritan was his stock, Yankee his blood, and what a destiny he whittled out for his country! In his case how true it was that necessity proved mother to invention. Across the sea whence had come his people the favored youngster had toys, but here there was none, and this depriving hardship

stirred necessitous rebellion against an empty condition, and from that time dates a lessening of man's labor upon the earth. For this youngster made toys as a youth, and as a man invented machines, and for his descendants these machines are conquering the commerce of the world.

Of itself persistency is not a conquering force. Without persistency, it is true, there can be but little of achievement, but with it there may be final and total defeat. Physical man, indeed intellectual man, is not a world conqueror. The athlete and the philosopher may fail. What, then, is the supreme force of the world? A sort of spirituality that lies beyond the province of definition. It arises out of surroundings and conditions. It cannot by will be acquired; it is the essence of

long experience, of effort, of necessity. The settlement of North America marked a new era in the affairs of the human family. A new man was to arise out of a virgin condition, and fate marked him as an instrument to overturn traditions and to make the waters of history run uphill. A composite man, with the blood of all peoples in his veins, he is inspired with a quick knack to deal with all phases of human nature. What to older nations would be regarded as a semi-marvelous insight —commercially, I mean—is viewed by him as being simply a Yankee intelligence. His landscape is dotted with schools and many of his hilltops are adorned with colleges, but in his land the profound scholar, such as characterizes England and Germany, is exceedingly rare. His province

does not seem to be to dig up the past and scrape from it the rust of centuries, but to throw his searchlight into the future. Cobden, the father of English free trade, and whose system Mr. Chamberlain is now striving to overturn, expected fondly that the Americans, who at that time had not begun to threaten the world with an inundation of their wares, would content themselves with being hewers of wood and drawers of water. And so they are. But they have hewed the wood into new shapes and have drawn water to raise steam for machines not dreamed of in Cobden's industrial philosophy. By foreigners of ordinary mind such inventors are railed at and threatened, but abler men study them that they may preach the doctrine of emulation. And such is the ser-

mon preached in England to-day. "Let us be quicker," says Mr. Chamberlain, and the British audience cries out, "Hear, hear!" But does quickness come of a determination to be less slow? You might as well say to the hippopotamus, "Hop around now, be spry." The American is quick, not because he was resolved to be so but because he was born that way. Is he different physically? No. Whence comes it, then? Out of the pine woods of the past. It is spiritual. It cannot be caught. Legislation may invite it, but it will not come. For many years Europe amused herself with laughing at our useless hurry. But hurry may be toned down to the faculty for immediate decision and swift accomplishment.

The undereducated boy, plowing alone

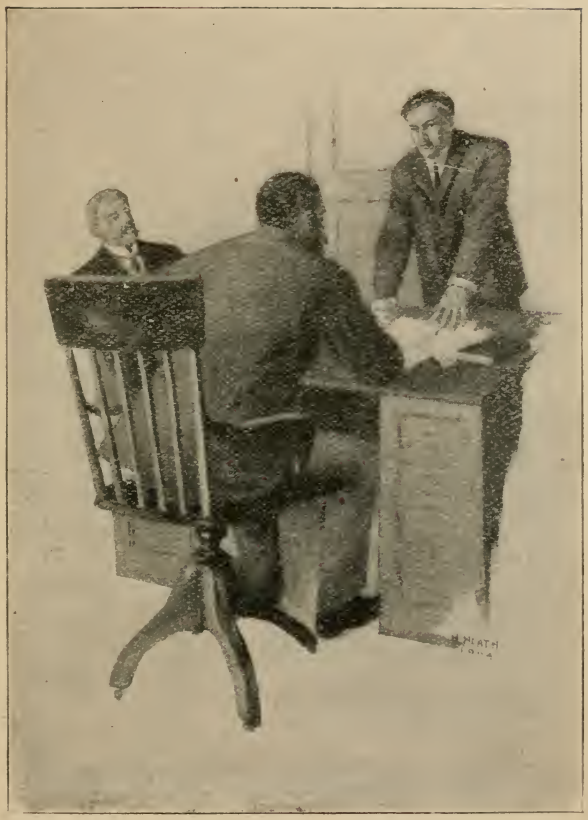
out on the prairie, becomes a thinker and therefore an individual. In his home there are books, the lives of men who plowed and split rails and became great. This causes him to plow better than he otherwise would; he has been taught to believe that to do a thing well is the first offering on the altar of ambition. A young fellow who had been stationed to protect the sheep came home with the remark: "I didn't kill but one wolf, but I'll bet he's killed deader than any wolf that ever lived."

It may have been his fate to go through life killing wolves, but his belief that he was killing them deader than any one else ever killed wolves was enough to keep his enthusiasm alive—and as long as one is enthusiastic he is young and fitted to ac-

complish notable things. In the eye of the careless world the American plowboy may amount to nothing. Cobden saw him and smiled and said, "That's right, my son, keep on plowing. We are the world's manufacturers and my advice to you is not to lose sight of that fact." But he didn't keep on plowing. He yielded the reins to some smaller chap and branched out into the field of adventure, with the memory of his book, and with a newspaper in his hand. Out of the whittling of his ancestor had come a machine, and he carried it into new territories and now he has taken it to Australia, to China; across the rivers of India he is throwing bridges, to the disgust of men who said that he was presumptuous. The Englishman had looked at a river and said that he would

bridge it within two years. Of course, his decision was final. And to a neighboring bungalow he went to regale himself with the peat-scented juice of Scotland. The company that wanted the bridge was much disheartened. The adventurous president had thought that possibly it might be constructed within a year. But the Englishman had spoken, and it was not to be. But the American, who happened to be within hearing, had not spoken. And when he did speak the president cried out in astonishment and the Englishman laughed. The Yankee had been so reckless as to declare that within six months he would have trains running across the bridge.

"Take him up," exclaimed the Englishman.



The Yankee had been so reckless as to declare that within six months he would have trains running across the bridge.

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The president took him up. The Yankee telegraphed to his home office and within six months trains *were* running across the bridge. It was called a piece of impudence, but it was the best bridge in India.

A European thinker gave it as his opinion that the Americans could never become great commercially because there they were not "homogeneous enough." And this grave and laboriously thought out dictum was sufficient temporarily to allay the rising fears of an industrial nation abroad; but along came the American drummer with a sample-case full of diametric opinions.

The ages bring about mighty changes: Greece, Rome, Spain, France, England—America. This is the order of succession.

But how different the first conquest from the last. The sword, the cannon—the mind. Recently a Frenchman arose in the Chamber of Deputies and said that with her free school system the United States was conquering the world. Mind, intelligence, and, supreme over both, spirit. In all ages there has been a spirit of patriotism, but in different ages and in different lands how different the meaning of the word. In Europe it was devotion to king; not to home, family, the dear particular spot of earth whereon a man might trace his people back into the mist-curtained past—*king*. There could be no reverence for law, for above the law sat enthroned the monarch. There could be no love of country, for that was rebellion against one greater than the country. But there

was spirit, haughty and ready to risk life for the crown. That spirit placed the Louies of France above all other men. A greater spirit was born and then came the mighty revolution, and though it thought to copy, yet was it unlike the spirit of the American Revolution. It was more of a furious revenge than a patriotism. It bore to mankind no uplifting message, for it was a wanton spiller of man's blood. Above the licentious king it held no effective threat, for Napoleon ruled with a sword ground to razor-edge. In America how different was the spirit of liberty. Peace meant peace. When the last foe had laid down his arms not a drop of blood was shed. Religious faction, always dangerous to real liberty, was told that no one creed

should be set above another. That was a new spirit—the spirit of wise tolerance. Is it not strange that the great men of Europe did not foresee that out of this sudden advancement of man was to come a world-conquering force? The only man who seemed to realize the portent of coming power was Frederick the Great, and his was simply the recognition of one man, of Washington, to whom he sent a sword upon which was engraved, "From the oldest soldier to the greatest." How slower than a dunce in a village school has the old world been to accept the truth about America. Why, when the Spanish war came up naval authorities in Germany declared that Spain would soon blow us from the sea; and forgetful England, who had cause to remember our

prowess on the deep, was loth to believe the news from Manila.

A lasting commerce is the true test of a nation's greatness. Art, beautiful and uplifting as it is, more often marks decay than progress. The building of a mill means advancement; it means that great books are some time to follow. Commercialism, which the æsthete is wont to decry, discovered the new world. Comforts, the result of trade, bring leisure for study and the betterment of man. If there should ever be a universal language the ship will prove the teacher. The rudder is the tongue of the world.

The business man of America is different from all others. In dealing with a free and thinking people he gives his customers credit for knowing what they want.

The manufacturer stood ever ready to make new things and to make them as the customer desired that they should be made. In England it has always been different. You take what the manufacturer has to offer or get nothing. And why not? Hasn't he been in the business long enough to know what is best for you? He follows in the footsteps of his grandfather, and surely you don't mean to infer that the old man didn't know what he was about. Perhaps you sought to explain the advantages of a left-hand plow. You say that with it you believe that the furrows would be straighter, as the lead horse, instead of walking waywardly on the "land," walks in the furrow. He does not halt to investigate your theory, but disputes it. He has never made a left-

hand plow and never will. He doesn't see why one should be made. It is nonsense. But the American catches the idea at once and makes the left-hand plow. His willingness to please is thus demonstrated and customers naturally come to him. The Englishman goes home, calls a mass meeting and denounces American "underhand" methods of trade. This is not a mere supposition. It is a fact, recounted by more than one American commercial traveler.

Ah, and what the traveler has done and is doing. Long before he was sent abroad he built up the hotels at home. He was the circuit rider of trade. He taught the country merchant not only how to buy goods but how to sell them. Into every rural community he brought new ideas.

He was a newsletter. To the village he gave a taste of cosmopolitanism. More than the lecturer, the book, he has made the country homogeneous. Perhaps he married the daughter of the leading merchant of a remote town, and it is almost safe to say that had he existed numerously before the Civil War there wouldn't have been any war. He made local literature by discovering the traits and celebrating the peculiarities of the village "character"—put him into a book, not with his own busy, figuring pencil, but induced a more leisurely pen to catch his whims and to portray them. He was the embodiment of adaptability. He did not engage in political dispute, but with a new story soothed the rising temper of quarrelsome factions. As well as a merchant he was a

diplomatist and a statesman. During the earlier years of his career, when trade was slow and must needs be humored and persuaded, he usually spent a day in a town about the public square, set up the water-melon, sometimes a water somewhat stronger; went to church if Sunday chanced to fall opportunely, called the preacher brother, dropped a green note into the contribution box and the next day sold goods all around the public square. He "Jimed," "Tomed," "'Squired," and "Coloneled" the shade-hunting denizens before attempting to effect a sale. During that time he was a public entertainer. He was ever alert and no one found him weary. In advance he had caught the spirit of coming America. And now they are sending him to Europe, Asia, Africa.

Into strange and far places he has sometimes preceded the American flag. His advent sometimes antedates the first consulate. No wonder that a firm in Chicago inserted the following advertisement: "Wanted, a man who can joke in Arabic."

Out of America's want of homogeneity many characters must needs arise, and a varied commerce is best handled by different types. Our resources call for every sort of temperament, and what one man may fail to sell with an engaging story another may dispose of with grave disquisition.

"Those Americans are most wondrously tricky people," said an Australian. "One came into my place of business and told me a story that tickled me into buying a big bill of goods, and when serious re-

Into strange and far places he has sometimes preceded the American flag.

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action had set in, as it always must, in came a most solemn chap from the same firm and sold me another bill."

The nations of the earth are not much frightened by wars. War means victory for some one, and victory means at least a temporary glory. But in this latter day a commercial conquest is viewed with alarm. France could come nearer recovering from her defeat at the hands of the Germans than England or Germany can ever come toward regaining lost supremacy in trade. Nations push one another downhill, so gently at first that it is not perceptible; but once started it is impossible to stop. Chamberlain realizes this and believes that the cause and the remedy lie in legislation. But it lies more nearly in national trait—spirit. "Character"

achieves all that is achieved. It discovers and creates. About every man and every nation that succeeds there is something which the contemplative onlooker regards as peculiar. It is originality, and in the matter of making and selling goods the Americans are the most original of peoples. In our national life the windy speculator is not a factor. He has not enough of breath to blow a small sail toward a distant shore. The creator and the seller are the forces that are making a commercial conquest of the world.

THE CHICAGO MAN.

One hundred years ago, where Chicago now stands, a fort was erected, a few cabins were built; and thus was set a new pace in the affairs of man.

I do not here essay to write the history of a city which to the distant world first raised its banner, a flame-flag in the black sky of an October night; I shall give not even a hint of its startling progress, nor boast as we her adopted children are wont to do, but in free-hand and doubtless an erroneous way speak what I conceive to be characteristic of her typical business man. The wise have said that the most "natural" critic of literature is one who has failed as a creator; and this gives

to me a sort of inherent right and makes me bold to talk of the business man of Chicago. Perhaps I do not make myself plain enough, and therefore let me say that I know nothing about the methods of successful business. As one of the envious failures I ascribe success largely to luck and opportunity. Opportunity may come to every one, in some form or other; but luck, which is the ability to recognize opportunity, is as often the god-favor of the ignorant as of the wise.

Getting at the typical business man of Chicago is about like attempting to catch the typical fish of the sea. He is of all nations and of all methods, but no matter what his present line may be, he is almost sure to have failed in some other branch of trade. "Do you know anything about

the grocery business?" was asked of a man who had applied for a position and his answer obtained for him the place: "I ought to; I failed in dry goods."

In New York it is the complacent belief that business will come. In Chicago the merchant knows that he must go after it, and thus, like an animal that breaks its way through stubborn bushes, he is well muscled. He holds religion in a sort of busy esteem, and when into his office comes his wife's preacher, he says, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" Of course he does not recognize the minister and therefore means, "What can you do for me?" Breathing the air of an adventurous and speculative city he is gambler enough to place not too high a value upon his money, but his time and his business

talk are sacred. About the walls of his adversaries he blows the ram's horn of boast, and if the walls should be jarred down he is willing, upon good collateral, to lend money to his enemy. Education, acquaintance with the nice methods of the classics in business is often conducive to a slow-motioned exactness of detail, and therefore he regards a college as an adornment rather than a necessity—the tail of the peacock rather than the spurs of the rooster. In his house there are books, a bright array in gilt; but he is too busy to read them during the week and on Sunday he is too anxious for Monday to come. His wife reads them and talks them when she has company and he is proud of the fact. He believes that what she does not know *he* does. In this

His swift noontime luncheon is grave.

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broad land there is no better husband. Art criticises, business accepts, and to him marriage is more or less of a business. And he is generally a stranger in the divorce court until prosperity has made him æsthetic. His success rather than his poverty makes marriage a failure.

During business hours no man could be more serious. His swift noon-time luncheon is grave; the road to the quick service counter is a sort of war-path. He groans, not at the expense of coffee and pie, but at the fact that gulping it has cost him six minutes. His watch is his commercial prayer-book. But when with many a twinge and sore pang he has turned from the city for an outing he is a capital companion. His stories are quick and to the point. His sense of

humor is as keen as a pain. The nerve of his jollity is exposed. Fishing or hunting he works like a Trojan. He has no book in which to enter expenses. Doubtless he feels that somebody is going to pay for his fun. Somebody does, usually. When his mind is made up to return to town he begins to grow nervous. No train is fast enough. He regrets the time lost, feeling that no one but himself can run his business, and for the most part he is right, since experience has proved that it begins to lag as soon as the engine of his great vitality is wanting.

As the years pass the average business man of Chicago is becoming gentler in his methods, but seems to deplore the fact. He regards cultivation as the old age of

Fishing or hunting he works like a Trojan.

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the mind, though he has outlived the paragrapher's slander:

Chicago Wife (to husband)—My dear, are you ready for dinner?

Husband—Will be as soon as I take off my coat.

When this was first printed he did not laugh at it. He simply said, "What's that fool trying to get at?" At home he eats with more deliberation than of yore, but with the coming of each summer he continues to offend Mr. Astor by sitting on the front steps, in the twilight, while a street organ gives to him broken reminders of a time when, to please his wife, he sat through the lingering tortures of grand opera. His "seminaried" daughter, coming from a walk, hints that it is not the proper thing to sit out in public

view, on a strip of flaming carpet, and he turns to her with an air that says, "Who built this town?" If you tell him that his city is corrupt, he may reply that it is not worse than other cites; but if you say that his municipality is the most corrupt of all the cities of the earth, the chances are that he will agree with you. His is a town of superlatives. Sometimes, having been too busy to vote, he swears because incompetent men get office. He snorts for a "business administration," and when it seems that he is about to get it, votes the other way. He is a man of strong prejudices and that accounts for much of his mental vigor. With Bailey he unconsciously believes that "the mind is like the fire-fly: it only shines when on the wing. When once we rest we darken."

He does not darken, for his mind is a workshop whose fires are not put out. He dreams of trade. And when he fails he begins again, like a spider whose web has been broken. In Chicago there is a larger percentage of recuperation after bankruptcy than in any other city. It is because a Chicago man does not realize that he is too old to climb again. On the Board of Trade an old man who had domineered the pit failed for more than a million, and a few days afterward he opened a tobacco shop. "Why did you do this?" an acquaintance inquired. "You have friends enough to take care of you." And the old man replied: "Take care of me? I haven't time to be taken care of; I expect to put up a twelve-story building." Death lent him a kindly

hand and saved him the worry of labor troubles, but he had the true Chicago spirit.

The successful business man in the Western metropolis rarely becomes a snob. Snobbery means retirement from trade, and he does not intend to retire. With much truth in his philosophy he believes that to quit work means an early death. Aim in life keeps men alive. The determination to be avenged upon an enemy has lifted many a man from the bed whose sheets had begun to gather the dews of death.

Society resents the rude manners of the boy that has grown too fast. In the swift upbuilding of Chicago there has been an ungroomed strength, a sort of mighty awkwardness; and this the country seems

to have looked upon with a jeer and a frown. All of the sprawling giant's attempts at art were laughed at, first in old cities and then in new villages. Chicago's painting was the "Sign of the Big Butcher"; its music was the squeal of the pig; its literature the vealy low of the yearling calf. Occasionally some defunct novelist of the East would get down off his stiff-jointed high horse to pat the calf on the back and in return for this kindliness to have his hand rough-tongued; the thin-breasted Eastern wet-nurse of Western rhyme, though not addressing herself to trade, has had an effect upon the Chicago business man. Revering the East, on whose flinty hillsides his grandfather thanked a kind Providence that he was permitted to eat pie for break-

fast, he looks to New England for his opinion, which the Blue-lawed land freely gives, importing her own opinion from London. He has been influenced to the extent of declaring that a magazine cannot be published successfully from Chicago, and his firm conviction has made a fact of his declaration. He knows that his newspapers are among the cleanest and best in the world, but newspapers are not literature; and besides, the East has agreed that they may be printed. He does not realize that the Sunday editions of these newspapers are largely literary, very often printing as good stories and poems as the very best of the magazines are offering. To him nothing is literature that does not bear the Eastern stamp. Tell him that great poems have been written

in obscurity and printed on a hand-press and he may reply: "Yes, but they didn't become literature till Boston said so." In nearly everything save business he is lacking in self-confidence. He heard some one say that the statues in Lincoln Park were poor and he began at once to regard them as paupers. Then, coming to think upon it, he had often noticed how unsightly they had always appeared, and he declared that they ought to be thrown out. But when the word of high authority pronounced some of them to be the finest in America, he made complete amends by remarking: "Well, why didn't you say so before?" In business he is skeptical of any man's honor; in art he accepts any foreign opinion. With the drama, however, it is different. New York's favor

does not always mean his approval. The play is an appeal to his immediate senses. The stage is largely a matter addressing itself to the eye, and no man has keener observation. He is not afraid to say that Shakespeare, unless played by a genius, is too ponderous for him. He demands action. There may be words, but they must come forth like sparks. He has not time for a continuous glow. He is patient of long waits between curtains, for then he can figure on a deal that he has in mind. Above all, he is fond of musical comedies, full of "gags" and flashing with color. Through his eye his brain is rested. And his favorable judgment of such a show means its success throughout the country. At the close of each season the grand opera manager from the East

swears that never again will he set up great stars for him, that in Chicago music of the noblest sort knocks vainly at the door of the soul; but this is not true. The fact is that the average business man of Chicago, while he may not care for Wagner, is willing to pay his money when the real stars are to appear, but "thinly peoples the house" when the mediocre fat man comes forth to bray.

Ye who are your brother's keeper may in this man see nothing but faults, a bullish aggressiveness in business and in society the gestures not unknown to the prize-ring; but his heart is enormous, and his ear, which at the opera may seem dull, is ever keen to the cry of real distress. The survivor of a great calamity, he knows what it is to be homeless. Having

fought his way to success, he is ever ready to speak an encouraging word to struggling youth. He is inclined to look upon energy as capital. Starting in life as a borrower, he is not slow to lend. Above all, he prides himself upon being an American. American commercial conquest abroad is a flattery to him, for he feels that it was his method that gave to this country a new and mighty impetus. In technical training he is not a firm believer. The public school is the cradle of national prosperity; experience is the university. "Are you going to put your son to a profession?" was asked of an old man who had seen the great fire. "No, I believe not. I'd a little rather he'd make a living."

A profession is a plaything that may

Are you going to put your son to a profession?

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possibly turn out to be an investment, but it is risky. It is like sitting down to whittle out a toy—the product as an invention may become valuable but the chances are against it. In a plain business scheme he is not overready to invest, but a mystery catches his speculative fancy. "Didn't you know you had bought a gold brick?" said one acquaintance to another. "Well, come to think of it, I ought to have known it. I made it."

With him poverty is an evil out of which every man ought to struggle. If in scrambling he must crack heads and mash fingers—get out. If good and evil are set before you for choice and you have not the time to choose, take both and throw away the evil at your leisure. Laziness is the unpardonable sin. He boasts that he has

done the third of a day's work before the New York man gets down to his office. With him haste does not mean waste. It means accomplishment. Out West they were hanging a man. The rope became tangled and the sheriff set about deliberately to straighten it. "Hurry up," said the victim, "I can't wait here all day. You must remember I'm from Chicago."

"Speaking of surgeons," said a South Water Street man, "there was old Doc Jackson."

"But nearly all of his patients died," some one spoke up.

"That may be true, but Doc was quick."

Statistics say that he defies death longer than almost any other man in the country. He is the One-Hoss Shay of commerce, and when he goes he goes all at once.

Chicago has developed types, but the "characters" can be traced back to older communities. In aggressive industry there is not much of character. Chicago is a great melodrama; it is not a character play. It has action rather than whims. The most of the real "characters" have drifted from Indiana. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois, with the exception of the southern part, are almost "characterless." In these States there are striking individuals, it is true, but you can trace them back to older communities, of the South or the East. Indiana has a real "character," a product of the soil, and this is the secret of her vigorous literature.

Indiana is the only State that has annually a convention of authors. Of course

they are laughed at by people who would not smile at a cattle convention. In the farm-houses these literary pilgrims have stimulated a love for books, not written by themselves, but classics which the critics may have sneered at a hundred years ago but which now of necessity must be praised. Many of the verses read at these conventions are never printed, for which the writers, in this day of bustle, receive no credit. Is it not something to write and not to print? The paragrapher has impelled the Chicago business man to make fun of the conventicle of scribes. He sees them cartooned and he roars. He does not know that he is included in the cartoon. His lack of literary self-judgment has made the caricatures marketable. Eugene Field, in his delightful play-

He sees them cartooned and he roars. He does not know that he is included in the cartoon.

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fulness, made sport of Chicago culture, and he did it in such slyness that his readers took him seriously. But it was not the earnest, humble worker that he gibed. It was the rich pretenders who, having handled "prints" in the great dry-goods establishments, fancied themselves literary. And when the poet was dead these hoarse singers scrambled to get near the coffin that held his "melodious dust." And now the business man loves the memory of a man of whom he had scarcely heard. He tells of the time when he met him fishing, or watched him when he bought an old book.

When Walter Besant was in Chicago he remarked: "Your business man has to me a startling intelligence. You no more than hint before he knows what you

are going to say, and if you show the least hesitancy, such as halting to choose the right word, he will help you out. But he cares nothing for our literary congress. I spoke to one on this subject and he replied: 'What's the use of such a congress. It can't pass any laws.' If a picture tickles his peculiar admiration he will buy it almost regardless of price—but not until some one has told him that it is fine. Physically, I think he is about the most wonderful man I ever met. He will race up and down his place of business without showing weariness, but if he is to go a block he takes a street car. His mental equipment is unflagging. He thinks like an electric machine. And out of his atmosphere one day there must come some great literary expression. In

If a picture tickles his peculiar admiration he will buy it almost regardless of price.

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poetry his grandson may evince the same vitality and his granddaughter may startle the world with a Jane Eyre."

That may all be true. The fact is, I know but little of posterity. And I do not pretend to know the present—his mind; but during many years I have studied *at* him. He is as different from other men as Chicago is unlike other towns. His muscles are work and his mind is enterprise. Too restless to be spiritual, he is the exponent of motion and of force.

THE CHEVALIER OF INDUSTRY.

On the shores of the Arkansas, where once the war-drum fiercely beat, there is now the hum of the spindle, the chant of peace, the epic of industry, the music of conquest. In the old day it did not seem consistent that cotton fabrics should well be manufactured in the neighborhood of the field where the cotton-stalk was grown. There was no want of fuel. On the distant hillside there was the black frown of outcropping coal; the woods held in their colors the secret of many a shrewd dye; from the North the artisan was willing to come, to escape the already crowded hives, but in that lay a menace

to the Planter. He shuddered to think that his bower might be turned into a hive. With all of his generosity and his kindness, his gallantry and the lovable traits of his careless disposition, he had but the minimum of respect for the man without influence. To him the man who owned a darky was greater personally and of far more force as a factor of civilization than the builder of a mill. On the negro, the slave of his friend, he looked with the eye of more interest than on the Cracker, the lowly, weakened and humbled descendant of the powerful religious zealot who fought with Cromwell. To the Southern colonies had been sent as slaves a large number of political offenders. In all the affairs of life they were honest, willing to give their blood for principle, each one

holding in glorified memory the name of some ancestor who, shouting in smoke the name of the Lord, had died at the stake. In a way they were emancipated. In slavery there was rivalry, and as a human chattel they were displaced by the negro, who in turn held them in contempt. This absolute monarchy in a republic regarded it as essential that the Cracker along with the slave should know his place. The Cracker could vote and his vote must be controlled, not by force or the appearance of force, but by the inculcated and ever-present dread of offending the rich and the powerful. There was no free-school system such as now in that part of the country adorns with a garland the brow of every child. To teach a slave was not to be thought of unless as an

offense against the peace and ordained religion of the commonwealth, and in the case of the "white trash" it was not economic to put upon poverty the discontent of knowledge. The factory threatened a social and industrial revolution and was therefore not encouraged.

But in the field, harrowed by war, a new seed was dropped—the seed of modern progress. The sprouting was slow, the growing tedious; many a frost came to nip at its buds, many a marauder to trample it beneath destructive hoof, but it grew and finally flourished. The new planter arose, a man of business. Indeed, planting cotton was only secondary to other things. He became a manufacturer. Out to the coal-bank he built a railroad; where once there stood the old ginhouse

there now stands a cotton-mill. A regenerated Cracker is his secretary. In the woods there is a schoolhouse and above it floats the American flag. It is not only the flag of his country; his ancestors helped to make it. "My flag? Well, rather. My great-granddaddy furnished two of the stars and one of the stripes." He has less of drawl in speech but little less love of humor than was the whimsical grace of his grandfather. But joking takes time and he is a busy man. It was in the old time well enough to ride from one plantation house to another, carrying an anecdote; this could be done while the cotton-stalk was growing, but the cotton-spindle must be watched. Jokes are now telegraphed, as they are on the Board of Trade, and after business hours

the telephone is made merry with a jest. He might own and operate an oil field and yet must he yield to the amusement of humor. The negroes about him have not lost it. They learned it first from the whites. The Spanish negro is destitute of mirth, in the American sense; he has not the philosophic trait that, drawing out a distressful truth, turns it over and about, and upon its many phases floods a mellow light of tender and amusing interest. Under the new order, the old-time darky is not so much of a political factor. He is required to read and to construe the Constitution. The reading may with little effort be acquired, but properly to construe that document does not always lie within the province of the legislator. Shortly after the law went into effect, on a day of

registration, an old darky went to the place where the intelligent and the learned were supposed to assemble to write their names and to receive the honor of recorded citizenship.

"Do you want to register?" the clerk inquired.

"Yes, sah, dat's whut I come yere fur."

The clerk handed to the old negro a pamphlet. The candidate for citizenship took it, turned it over, looked at it, felt of the texture of the paper and asked: "Whut is dis yere?"

"It is the Constitution of the United States."

And then in great surprise the old fellow exclaimed: "Is dis yere de Consertution I been yerin' so much about?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Whut you want me ter do wid it? Take it home wid me?"

"You must be able to read it and construe it if you want to register."

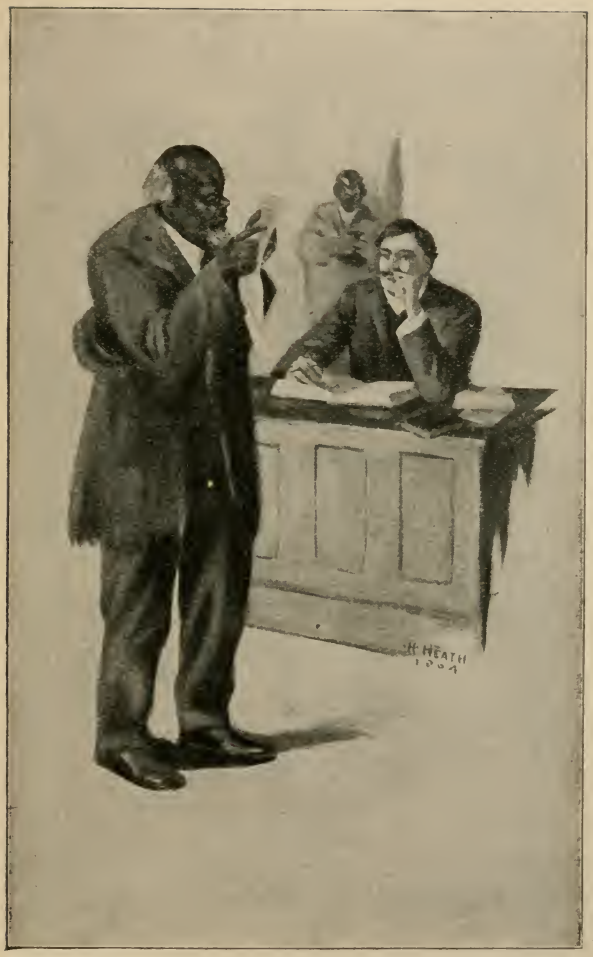
"Wall, I wants ter register, dat's er fack. But I doan know erbout dis yere 'struin it. But I kin read it all de same. Now lemme see." Over the page he moved his finger. "Dis is er J right here, ain't it?"

"Read it."

"I is er readin' it. Kain't fool me wid no J. An' yere's er X er spreadin' out his legs an' er flingin' out his hands like er sawbuck. Oh, da kain't fool me; I knows 'em."

"Are you going to read the Constitution?"

"Wall, sah, my eyes ain't right good ter



'An' yere's er X er spreadin' out his legs an' er flingin' out his hands like er sawbuck.

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day. I'll come back ter mor' and handle it like er preacher readin' his tex'."

As soon as they gave to him the book he knew that he was done for, and under that Constitution which he could not read he may have felt that he had a right to register and to vote, but his humor saved him trouble.

In the Middle West, where commercial and agricultural development are as miracles, we do not halt in our rush to consider the solid growth of the New South. The money, which in colder zones is tireless in its industry, is disposed to be more leisurely in a softer atmosphere. The shade and the hammock have a strong and constantly pulling appeal. To muse is sometimes sweeter than to read, though one may end in a dream and the other

in that knowledge which they say is power. The New South not only had to shake off the dream of tradition, but had to break the ever-present spell cast by the climate. From the North came quick-stepping men. They wondered why the people were so slow. They found out. Genial sloth was in the air. But man can do almost anything and a new energy came with the electric fan.

The new business man of the South is now quite as executive in his methods as the man of the North. He has had practically the same education, but complete commercial success means almost a complete elimination of the spirit of humor. It is said that the best business man in the world is the Scotch American. And the chances are that he never jokes until he is

able to found libraries and endow colleges. Humor is almost as dangerous in business as in Congress. The world has ever been inclined to regard dullness as depth. A bright remark has split more than one piece of presidential timber. The savage growls and the philosopher laughs, it is true; but in business, as well as in the United States Senate, stupidity is too often mistaken for attention to necessary detail. The Scot has wit, and often wit enough to hide it, as a business man in the South and a candidate for high office. Men who have done most for the material world have looked with a serious eye on life.

The New Planter has put aside many a genial trait, perhaps, but his inherited sense of humor is still too strong wholly

to be mastered and thrown into the garret. To his house a visitor may come and not be invited to drink, not that he hesitates at the expense of the liquor, but because the times have changed. It was not so with his grandfather. That old man has been known to sit on his veranda, impatiently waiting for "drinking company" to come down the road. How often has he refused to be left after the julep had passed round and round. "Hold on, now, you ain't going to leave me in the lurch this way. I have been sitting here all day waiting for some one to come along, and I'm not going to turn you loose." The traveler might urge important business. It would but provoke a smile and a renewed protest. "Business! Why sir, I thought I was glad I met you. I

thought you were a gentleman—and I believe you are. Here, we'll have one more round. Hang it, man, this is Andrew Jackson's birthday." Once a traveler, almost snatched from his horse, thus made answer when old Andrew was mentioned as a cause why he should stay and drink, honoring his natal day: "Yes, that may be, but I am an Englishman. Don't see why I should honor him."

"What, don't see why? You ought to feel honored that you were thrashed by the greatest man that ever lived. He was paying you a marked distinction. He was giving you a reputation."

The grandson, though he does not question the physical prowess of Old Hickory, has, by comparing him with greater minds, learned to look on his intellectual

worth with a smile of reverential compassion. He knows that the fight with old Nicholas Biddle displayed a fine determination, but holds in question the result—the overflow of the United States Bank. He knows that the wildcat State banks that followed were evils most pernicious. His grandfather swore that they served as medicine to prevent a national sickness unto death. Like the old man, the grandson believes not so much in the future as in the present; that real success means the immediate and not the ultimate enjoyment of whatever may be possessed. If thrift means a niggard greed to save a dollar, then he is not thrifty. Broadening principles have proved to him that if money must be made, money must be spent. He remembers the philosophy of

an old fellow still living. "Well, sir," said he, the philosopher, "our family was rather poor. We were taught to keep the best until the last. You know, with us hog meat was the staple of the stomach. It was like the gold reserve of a bank. We usually killed hogs enough to last us, and it was mother's economy that we should begin on the sides, then the shoulders, leaving the hams for the last. Many a longing look have I cast at a ham, when standing in the smokehouse to take down a bony shoulder. Well, one year we killed more hogs than ever before. This entailed a great deal of work before we could reach the hams. But there were five of us boys and we were industrious. The time wore wearily along. Winter passed and spring was peeping through greening

boughs. One night mother said to us: 'Well, boys, to-morrow morning for breakfast we begin on the hams.' It was joyous news; but, sir, just at daylight the Yankees came, halted their wagons at our house and took every blessed ham. So, all through life, since then, I have made it a rule always to eat the hams first. The old saying, 'Take the best first and you'll have the best all the time,' is true."

And this is the spirit of the new business man of the South. In him there is still some trace of the gracious vagabondage of the cavalier. Many a time has he been known to say, "Yes, if the war hadn't come on I'd been worth a good deal, as things were rated then. No telling how many negroes I should have owned. But for the country and the world at large it

is a blessed thing the war ended as it did. Even my grandfather lived to realize it."

As a lawyer the new man, along the Arkansas, is wholly different from his illustrious predecessor. The old-time lawyer, mounted on his horse, traveled like a star actor, going from triumph to triumph. Commercial law was beneath his notice. That branch of practice belonged to what was called the office lawyer. He was regarded as a clerk, knowing three times as much law as his sensational partner, but of what worth was it since he could not thrill a jury? The old orator-lawyer had a great library, the greatest—Shakespeare and the Bible. An apt quotation from Lear was sure to win a case. And from the Bible there was no appeal. Scourged with a text, the opposing law-

yer bowed his head in defeat. Ridicule carried certain victory. Laugh a lawyer out of court and his case went with him. The judge joined in the merriment, and why not? In like manner had he won many a cause. Preparation did not mean the examination of papers but the framing of epigrammatic sentences. A dramatic sarcasm was more potent than a statute. The ear of the jury was set to catch the music of speech. A discord was a flaw in the argument. Readiness on the part of the advocate was proof, and truth lay in a burst of eloquence. A fellow who had been acquitted of the crime of horse-stealing had the presumption to pay attentions to the daughter of the lawyer who had saved him from the penitentiary. One night the lawyer went into the parlor and

Scourged with a text the opposing lawyer bowed his head in defeat.

[illegible]

said: "Look here, it won't be long before you steal another horse, and if you ever dare to speak to my daughter again I'll take the other side and shut you up for fifteen years. How dare you come to my house?"

"Why, sir," stammered the thief, "you told the jury I was the most honorable man you ever met, and you urged it so strong I swear I believed it."

"And, sir, at that moment you were, but the moment you got out of the courthouse you were a thief again."

Out of this class of lawyers arose the Southern statesman. That is, the country regarded him as a statesman. Congress and the public were his jury. Unfortunately posterity has been his judge. With the classic past blazing in his mind

he was so dazzled that he could not see a calamity soon to fall on his country. His successor of to-day may not be able to fire the mind; school-readers may never know that he lived, but in truth he is more of a statesman. I know that this is heresy. I know that it has ever been popular to hold in irreverence the men of "these degenerate days." But in the South to-day there is many an unthought-of Congressman who is doing more for his State than was ever accomplished by some of the monstrous orators of the past.

The new lawyer of the South is a business man. He has not, perhaps, the tongue of silver. Mayhap about his instrument of speech clogging fate has wound a string of yarn. But he knows the acts of the legislature. With Shakespeare

But the moment you got out of the courthouse you were a thief again.

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he may have some acquaintance—that is, his wife who belongs to a Shakespeare club may spout Hamlet and trickle Juliet, but as for himself, he is busy with some shrewd fellow's digest of the laws. It is not unlikely that in the colony his forefathers were slaves, that he is an emancipated white man. Years ago they said that nothing notable could come out of his class. If his grandfather had presumed to study law, the negroes even would have laughed at him. It is possible that with a scythe on a pole some one of his blood fought at Sedgemoor, and that by Jeffreys he was hanged, drawn and quartered. In the Southern army his people fought, and with as desperate bravery as has ever been recorded by the scribe of human valor, but *why*, he is not now able

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to determine. He had no slaves. There was no chance that he could ever possess one. And even if by some strange twist of events he might have made progress and become a slaveholding planter, the other planters by right of inherited privilege would have regarded him as an upstart. But to-day he is the successful lawyer of the South, a business man.

Under the old conditions a certain boy would not have played with him. Now he is that "boy's" business adviser. And was his grandfather, like the old planter, of a humorous turn? He was, but in a way. His fun was as sallow as his complexion. His jokes were as lank as his mouse-colored hair.

Tradition had told him of suffering. His religion was not lightsome, such as

the illumined creed of the old planter. It was not the gay formula of conduct brought to America by the younger son. It was the grim precept of a determined conscience, God-strengthened to endure a merciless torture.

When banished they would have permitted him to choose New England, but they knew that there he would meet his neighbors, brothers in faith and in conscience. There were men in New England who doubtless might have bought him, men not of his faith; but there the pine woods were full of sympathy for his creed, severe for others but fitting him as snugly as the woolly skin does the sheep.

Time brings to all men opportunity. To the Cracker's grandson it came, slow indeed of foot, but on it came apace, limping

down the dusty road. He did not know it, but he had manfully fought against his own emancipation. In stagnation a civil calm may hold a humble but a grasping mind, while in disturbance that mind may find the chance to vault above the bonds that held it. The hated bayonet brought liberty. The revolution which stripped the Planter, clothed the Cracker with opportunity. The Carpetbagger's free school stretched through the forest of ignorance a road for him. There he was not to con the mettled classics of useless grace, of Trojan wars and amorous poets subsidized by lordly Romans, but shrewdly to learn and to count the spots on the noonday sun of the present. The mental vigor of many a youth has been wasted thin with the grappling of ques-

tions, moss-grown and with no outcome. Attenuated speculation has made many a mind "go stale" for the active uses of this latter day; the bubbles of iridescent theories have many a time exploded in uselessness; and we who, in the crumbling house, hugged Plato close without understanding, have come to know that in practical life the arithmetic is mightier than the Iliad. In this latter school the new business man of the South has been educated. He had not wisely chosen, the mossbacks said, but amid the hummings of his numerous spindles, glancing at the news of the day, he has seen that Oxford seriously has discussed the abolition of compulsory Greek.

Let us old-timers think sweet the day gone by; if we so desire, let us cherish

Attic salt and call it the pepper of hot accomplishment, but let us not lose sight of the truth that the present and the future are in the keeping and the moulding of the practical man. In the years to come the doer will be prized more than the scholar. If it be not to illumine the future, the past is worthless. Histories that do not teach are of no account. Life has resolved itself into a business, and the sloth, be he ever so intellectual, is in the way. In the North this was learned early.

In the South it has of late arisen slowly as a fact that cannot be gainsaid.

Among the old planters there were many ignorant men. With them the negro cabin was greater than the library. But the influential were men of cultivation. They knew that the soldiers of Al-

cibiades refused to muster with "Thrasyllus his men, because they had been foiled," but they did not know what plants were best for certain soil. The new planter knows this. In a laboratory he has estimated the secret strengths of his ancient fields. He has realized that knowledge really is power. When his grandfather's fields were worn he turned them out, to be forest again in sassafras and persimmon. But now, from the laboratory there comes the voice of chemistry and the discarded fields are reclaimed. And with all this our country is more closely knitted together. Business speaks a universal tongue. It has no local prejudices. The factory knows all verbs and tenses. Commerce discovered America. Union of interests has made the Union a solid fact. A past

age saw the South a dominant force in oratory. A coming age will see it supreme as a material force. Unto the South is gathering the skill of New England. The country is shifting ends. On the ancestral ground of ancient struggle, where the stout old Puritan primed his firelock, the alien has settled, with a different religion and speaking a different tongue. Where the early poet trod, the pine bush grows again, and to the woods comes back the protected deer. Far to the West are scattered the children of these honored homes, and to the South has gone many a son to live in brotherhood with him who, years ago, would have been his bitter enemy.

THE NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN.

The countryman believes that the great creative forces of New York came from the country. In his opinion the native is a little fellow with a neck so small as to make his head appear too large. The little neck is stiff with conscious and contented superiority, and the head that seems so large is none too big for crowding conceits and jostling vanities. The countryman is broad in his prejudices; the little New Yorker is narrow in his dislikes.

With a blusterous air of pride the Chicago man will tell you where he lives, but the New York man seeks silently to show you. Indeed, he fancies that every one

must know by looking at him. He does not essay to know more than other men, but to *be* more. Knowledge is commendable if it should happen to live in New York. If not, it is provincial and is to be tolerated with a cool smile. In professing ignorance of the country at large there is a sort of wisdom, and to sneer at the West is culture. Is not this the most unprovoked of all treason? Yes, but the barbarian was permitted to speak his opinion of Rome. To the real man of the world and not to the average man of a small island, to the man who reads the world's books and who knows that the fleeting mortal is but a shadow, soon to be merged into the great shade of eternal night, to this estimator of life's great nothing communities lend but small import-

. . . to sneer at the West is culture.

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ance to the individual. Out of the desert came Gautama, not out of a Babylon; and the philosophy of Greece was not born in Athens, but in a Greek colony that had reared its modest head within the shadow of the pyramids.

Ignorance of a foreign country is never reconciled with a sort of superiority of caste, but ignorance of America is often viewed with a kind of complimentary surprise.

> *Londoner (in New York) to New Yorker:* I understand that America is getting to be a very great country.
>
> *New Yorker:* Aw, seems I have heard something about it, but really cawn't say.

The other cities of America may be colleges, but New York is the university. Its

graduates are self-possessed. The university teaches restraint, the suppression of enthusiasm, and this is the New Yorker. "Is he a man of cultivation?" was asked at a dinner-party. And the answer was satisfactory: "Cultivation! He has lived in New York twenty years."

To the New Yorker the Westerner may take off his soft hat, not in awe as the recipient of this courtesy supposes, but because he has been told that it is polite. Yes, takes off his slouch hat in deference to the plug, but in this civility there is more of enmity than of reverence. I remember hearing a man of affairs in the West declare that he never met a New Yorker that he did not feel in some way not to be explained that he was in the presence of an enemy. Even a New York drummer,

said he, seeks to "pity" you into buying his goods. Other cities have their territories, but all territories belong to New York.

The philosophical idea of empire was that to be homogeneous it must extend from east to west. In this way fewer race prejudices are encountered than if the empire should stretch from north to south. But in this the New York man has reversed the ancient truth. He is more courteous with the Southerner than with the Westerner, though the West was his brother during the Civil War. New York society has never accepted a leader from the West. But a marshal of the Four Hundred was a Southerner. This has a cause, and the cause lies in the fact that the South has age. And besides, the

Southerner's talk is soft. He does not disturb a drawing-room with a Western "r." He does not talk through a nose frozen in a prairie blizzard. He may not say anything when he talks, but to the New Yorker this is a conversational virtue. He says, "Oh, come now, don't be so rude as to spring an idea! Let us be gentlemen." Old Sam Johnson said that the most nearly perfect gentleman was he who bore upon him the mark of no profession, and in New York the tradesman has come near to acquiring this distinction. In other cities they may not talk business in the drawing-room, but they *look* business and they keep you constantly afraid that you are to be requested to buy something. You are in luck if you escape being dunned for something you already owe. But in

New York gentility holds in front of you the shield of her culture and her refinement and you are safe. "I was in New York to see about some obligations that had begun to threaten my commercial existence," said a man from Nebraska, "and greatly to my surprise was invited out. I reckon it was because I owed so much. Well, at several receptions I met the men I owed but they didn't say a word about it. For a time I dodged them, on the stairway and in the hall—never like to meet a man I owe—but they smiled so genially and so gracefully shook hands that I said to myself: 'Hanged if they haven't forgot it. There is no use in my staying here.' I thought, however, that I'd better make sure, so at the dinner-table I remarked to

the broad-shirted man on my right that I hadn't forgotten our little financial affair and he looked surprised. 'Forgotten it as sure as I live,' said I. 'It is a fact that these worthy gentlemen don't care for anything but for culture and society.' So I went home and three days afterward they closed me out. I thought then, and I think now, that it is rather an odd way of doing business."

It is too much to expect that the perfectly poised man should be unconscious of his graces. It is the plow horse that hangs his head. The race horse is self-conscious; the man of mettle feels it. No man ever surprised himself with his own bravery, though perhaps we all of us have been surprised by sudden and unlooked for fear. The practice of constant polite-

ness, the polish of action, lends a certain dignity to the mind, and this is one of the characteristics of the New York man. Like the disciplined soldier he is never found off his guard. Or is it that he believes so thoroughly in himself as to attribute virtue to his failings and his mistakes? It has been observed that the most cultivated and refined man, placed under certain stress, is, after all, but shortly removed from barbarism. Royer Collard said that wisdom consisted in tracing ignorance as far back as possible. If gentility consisted in tracing politeness as far back as possible the New Yorker would be forced to take off his hat to the Virginian, with his slow and old-fashioned talk, with his mind fired only by memory of the past. While the New Yorker was

jabbering the harsh Dutch of shrewd bargain, the James River man, in his barge rowed by slaves, in silken hose and ruffles, graced with his polite tongue the language of Dryden and playfully discussed the latest gossip that slowly on shipboard had sailed from the court of Charles I. But even respectability must be progressive, and the spirit that can woo trade, can, after a time, win fair woman and establish an aristocratic family. In vast wealth there must be respectability, and it is the New Yorker's money rather than his moral worth that makes him feel supreme. The fact is that he is not particularly moral. In this respect he cannot compare favorably with the average householder of Cheyenne.

Mind you, this is not merely an estimate

of my own, but is gathered from the spirit in which the New Yorker is held throughout the Western country. His life is too fitful and too feverish wholly to be sound. He drinks too much champagne, and this is as bad for the morals and worse for the body than the reddest liquor that ever babbled from a mountain "jimmyjohn." He may surprise you with an athletic spurt, but he is not a man of endurance; his blood is anæmic and he soon wears out. He impresses you with having been reared in the shade, a sprout in the cellar of life. He has not the American's abiding sense of humor, but like the Frenchman, who can never comprehend the word humorous, he has a sort of wit, a gleaming diamond dust. His limitations in the matter of character-drawing render him an in-

different story-teller. But when the stories have been told, laughed over and forgotten, his salad is remembered. He is not a bad sort of a friend if once he succeeds in committing you to memory, and forgives a debt with as much magnanimity as he forgets an obligation. "In the mind of the average Englishman, England is great not because she really is but because she produced him," remarked a wise old British growler. And New York is great because she produced the New Yorker. He does not meet a stranger out at the toll-gate and say, "Well, sir, what do you think of our town?" He declares that this would be like Chicago. The fact is that he cares not for what an American thinks of his town, but if some little duke should of his own accord speak of the

great majesty of the mighty burgh, he has it printed in his newspapers. He talks of provincialism, but is himself the most provincial man in America. No man without travel was ever able to overcome the effect of having been reared on an island. The Englishman may know more but he is not so broad as the Russian. As a viewer of the affairs of the nation, the New Yorker has not so comprehensive a sweep as the Philadelphian. The mayor of New York means more than the president of the Republic, and the native Knickerbocker cannot understand why the entire country does not regard it in that light. What are politics but the affairs of New York? What is the embodiment of political economy but the custom house of Gotham? What is money but the golden blood that

flows through the veins of Wall Street? Where lies prosperity—in the grain fields, the smiling meadows where the cattle graze? No, along the woe-worn stones of Misery's Alley. Here arise the winds of distress, the country's colic; here there is never a calm, for human greed is never satisfied. But in this black gulch, if we may believe the echoes from the caverns of despair, a new order of gentleman is developed.

The South accepts him as a relentless force in kid gloves, and the West looks upon him at times with mortal hatred and then with a sort of worshipful awe; and that great financial queen bee, the Treasurer of the United States, appears honored by his society and inspired by his confidence.

To say, "Mr. Treasurer, I have frightened your country to the crumbling verge of a crisis, and now if you want to keep out of straits help me out," is a wise financial warning. As a phase of the many-sided New York man he is interesting, but is he a business man? He may think so, and the West, which he so mercilessly crushes on wheel and in boot and keeps during months at a time hung high up by the purple thumbs—the West may believe so, but by all the precepts of commerce and by all the rules governing the care that must be taken in the turning of a card, he is a gambler. Ah, but his gambling is so magnificent as to attain the height of most astute generalship. In his notice of us, poor shiners of pennies, there is generous condescension, and we accept

his act of robbery as the sincerest flattery. You—of the West, understand—are waiting for a chance to get at him. And when that chance comes along, as it does about every four years, you are revengefully thankful enough to put your arms around the blue-skinned neck of haggish Fate and upon her dried peas-pod lips implant a rhapsody of kisses. Ugh! That's what you say in your cool contemplation of the act; it is what you always say except on certain occasions when you are bartering with the old hag, when an entire beet-sugar crop is about to be employed in the sweetening of your revenge. Is it not a glory, a chance to snatch this man's political scalp? In the passion of truth's inspired blank verse, written with oozy labor and committed to the mind after

many midnights of despair—boldly delivered at the mule-colt show—you tell America that it is time to toss the Wall Street man into the air and to let him come down the best way he can. As a New Yorker he has shown his indifference to the country of Kit Carson, and as an emphasis of all other offenses the Wall Streeter has shown that his regard for the land of Washington is estimated upon the basis of what it annually yields to him.

The poet thought that the greatest study of mankind was man. Previously man had arraigned himself for scrutiny, and since then, of course, his nature has been constantly kept under the microscope. But the great universities are compelled to acknowledge that in him they can find nothing new. That he has reached the

noontide of "degenerate development" is believed of the East by the West, not indeed by the educated or the thoughtful, but by him who fancies that all wisdom lies in a sort of keenness of observation, and that to discover the first symptoms of bots in a horse is of greater service to humanity than the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The "cultivated" ignorance of the New York man and the Western ruralite's inspired lack of thought may blend one of these days and bring forth a surprising harmony. In mere words and dress for occasion, America, accounting for size, is the most homogeneous of all countries, and yet in antagonistic traits of character it is most cat-and-doggish, with the soft mew of the Boston man heard between. The native Westerner has his

opinion of the Bostonian. It is this: He will pull your last tooth with frost-covered forceps. "Here," cries the sufferer, "warm that iron." "I beg your pardon, sir, but we have only one more to pull." With his Ancient and Honorable Artillery the Boston man ceased to be an American so many years ago that the Westerner remembers him only as a refined echo. Quiet of manner, with a sort of musical mouth-smack expressive of his appreciation of the world's highest grade of pie, the Boston man, unlike the New Yorker, has ever been ready to talk. This pleases the Westerner. He would rather be called a liar, would rather it were proved on him, than to suffer the Gothamite's contempt of silence.

Ah, and when by some stroke of for-

tune the Westerner moves into new New York and, as nearly as alien flesh and blood can, becomes a New Yorker, he recants in softened tones and attempts with easy gesture to show you where *he* is from. But after all, it is not by gesture and neither is it by word that the New Yorker so charmingly illustrates the refined power of his town. It is by a spiritual essence. And this essence can no more be set forth in language than with a reporter's notebook you could catch the soliloquy of an Aeolian harp.

THE PUGET SOUND MAN.

A new atmosphere makes a new man. Out of the old inductive systems of commerce may arise a new deduction of trade. Out of a great hurry and an apparently impotent rush there may come a new force, and a sort of physical confusion may prove the mother of scientific enterprise. Adventure discovers, restlessness peoples and industry develops a community. But every community has a distinctive soul and this seems to be of chance creation. The Western mining camp, born in a night at the close of a long and thirsty journey, was a place of eagerness and of thirst for strong waters. Its

builders brought along with them the nomadic soul of the wilds, and thus in atmosphere one mining town was much like another. Fanciful pens presented it to romance and to a poetry that snapped with audacity; the dramatist exaggerated exaggeration and put it upon the stage, and thus, without the trouble of taking a trip from home, the East became intimately acquainted with the far West. But many miles farther toward the sunset there is a domain which the Easterner has not had the opportunity to become familiar with in two hours' time. He could do it if the opportunity were offered; he could carry home with him a grease-painted typification of a thing that never existed and feel, not indeed that he had been rewarded for his time, but that

upon his mind had been foisted a new human being. This typification gives him the chance afterward, upon visiting the country in question, to cry his astonishment at beholding a marble temple dedicated to dramatic art. If too reserved to be surprised at this, he has been wont to hold back his exclamation as a startled tribute to a man in a dress suit. In mind I hold the picture of one of the most charming territories of the Western World — the Puget Sound country. About the new community, regardless of its beauties, there is a sort of rawness. The air may be soft and the sky a scene shifted from Italy, but the lack of tradition and of history, the fact that the blood of knighted men has not consecrated the rocks, all combine to deny a soul-inspiring

mellowness. The guide may tell you that on yonder knoll the great Chief Panther Paw bit off the head of a live rattlesnake to prove his love for a coppery maiden arrayed in the hide of a wildcat, but this does not suffice. We want Scott instead of Cooper. The flint arrow-head may be a thousand years older, but we demand the steel lance. In the Puget Sound country, however, there is no rawness. The air is so soft, so dreamy; away off yonder behind the purple fog there is such mystery that the imagination feeds upon delicious sweets. Here is a forest that would make the ancient Black Forest look white. Here is a long, caped and coved ocean lake which travelers declare makes all other lakes look rude.

From a dream you are almost awakened

by a soft and gentle rain, but you are told not to be alarmed, that it will not wet you. In the air there is wine and the rain is extra dry. If in the street of some new village you complain of the mud a man may say to you: "Maybe you haven't examined this mud. Why, a shovelful of it will raise more stuff than a whole county on the Atlantic Coast."

Into this country the land-boomer came, and, standing on a stump, auctioned off the world. There was no gold, no silver, and the timber was so enormous and so thick upon the ground that to clear an acre cost two hundred dollars, but the newcomer, with no idea as to how he was going to make a living, proceeded to buy land. "What are you going to do with it?" "Sell it." "Then what?" "Buy it

back again." They didn't lay out towns, but cities. Some Jim Hill of a man, meeting an acquaintance, would say: "Wish you would build me a city."

"How big?"

"Well, about fifty thousand inhabitants."

Of course this does not nor can it ever last. For every town there must be a why. It is easier to maintain a flower garden through the blasts of winter than to keep up a city that has no cause for being there. Behind the town hall there must be the farm, the mine and the logging camp. Here was only the logging camp. "Don't worry," cried the auctioneer, standing on the stump. "The Orient belongs to us. Let us build ships." And they did. It seemed that all of the

old laws were about to be overturned. "Build the towns and the country will take care of itself," was a sort of motto. But one day, while they were carrying forward this new colonization theory, there came a frightful something galloping across the continent. It was the panic of ninety-three. In its snort was the blasting of hope and in its red eye was commercial death. Values shriveled. Banks crumbled. And then toward the East whence had come that frightful monster, rip-snorting death, there scrambled, breathless and with lolling tongue, a wolf. It was capital. And so, upon the boom there grew a poetic moss, as soft as the velvet on the horns of a young deer; gentle rain fell where blossomed

a flower, the maiden heart, and in the breeze it beat beneath the purple mist.

Men of action ran away. The dreamer remained. But the world's mighty muscle is but a force set in motion by a dream, and the philosophy that gives moral life to teeming nations arose out of a vision. In the theory of a Taine this boom and this calamity were but natural conditions incident to the development of a new man. In the mind of that mysterious Cause which produces so plain an effect this may not have been a crystallized contemplation, but it is true that to the commercial world a new character was given—the business man of Seattle. In the Middle West all material progress seemed to have been inductive, built upon swift experience. Thought was incident to ac-

tion. Technical training was for those who wished to luxuriate rather than to achieve. The university was a hot-house of thought. But with the Seattle man it was somewhat different. Largely was he an athlete from the universities of the East and of the South. What others had learned by statistics and comparison he seemed to know by the instincts of deduction. Upon many a philosophy the electric light of to-day casts a dark shadow, and it was a noon-time glare that kept him from being a poet. Near the end of a materialistic century he was forced to be practical. But his Plato had taught him to be self-contained and from his Yankee sire he had inherited shrewdness. The man who knows a thousand theories and one fact is stronger than the man

who knows simply the one fact. At the reunion of a fraternity he tipped his glass to a Greek letter and laid claim to Japan as a part of his natural territory. About him were men of shrewdness rather than of educated comprehension, sprinting hustlers and delving economists, but dominating as rightly directed learning must ever dominate, his was the true spirit and the atmosphere of the town. At the edge of one continent and looking across the sea towards another, he was expansive. To him there was nothing local. All of his surroundings served but to crown the apex of the world. And the world, looking toward a new discovery, saw him in a dazzling light, and the gold fields of Alaska became the playground of his speculative fancy. His shantytown, re-

duced to ashes, arose in riveted steel. At the time of the gold discovery the great ships that sailed from the Sound belonged to another city, but he chartered them, compelled them to outfit in his city, and said to the Associated Press, "Send your dispatches from here." When miners returned with gold in buckskins he said, "Stop and invest here."

In enterprise looking toward substantial development the town is as bold as a Raleigh or a Drake. Not long ago the Government was to receive bids for the building of the battleship Nebraska. A Seattle shipbuilder went to Washington. Shortly afterward he telegraphed to the editor of a Seattle newspaper: "Can get the contract but shall lose one hundred thousand dollars." The editor went out

among the merchants. He talked to a man on the corner and at noon dropped into the University Club. And that afternoon he telegraphed to the contractor: "Take the contract. We will make good the one hundred thousand." The contract was taken and now they are building the ship.

"This great enterprise is all very well," said a visitor. "But how long do you think you can keep it up? Across the Cascades are the grain fields and your hops grow in the valleys, but what is your town based upon?"

"Do you see that forest, the densest in the world? Is there not gold in lumber?"

"Yes, but the saw soon eats up a forest.

What are you going to do when the trees are gone? Wait for more to grow?"

"My dear sir, this country is so productive that we don't have to wait for things to grow. When a tree falls something else comes up. And when all of our resources shall have been exhausted we'll thrive on enterprise."

But his resources are no more to become exhausted than the American continent is to become barren. He is an empire builder and could live even if shut off from the rest of the world. Unlike the farmer on the prairies of Iowa and Illinois, he does not revere the East. His is not a banishment but an emancipation. He has two measures of time, one dating from the panic and the other from the day when he shook off the manacles of

an older and more constrained civilization. I recall an oldish man who once had served as mayor of the town. "Every morning upon getting out of bed," he remarked, "I thank God that I am no longer compelled to live in the East." And he meant it. An Englishman in the consular service said: "When my time is out I am not going back to England. They say that this atmosphere makes all men liars, and I don't know who enjoys himself more than a liar. The climate, the vines, the mutton—all English. It is unlike any other part of America. And it is going to produce a marvelous race of people. On the dry plains the women have complexions like sandpaper. But out here in this moist air, look at the face

of every woman you meet: A rose in bloom."

The Seattle man is possessed of an "unself" egotism. His vanitv lies not in himself but in his country, his climate and his soil. When he visits Chicago and talks about his enterprise and the commercial victories of his city he is believed, but heads are shaken when he begins to talk about his country. Ask him for a plain statement of fact and he plunges into a panegyric. Inquire as to the thermometer and he sails aloft in a balloon of lyric exultation. In his town it is hard to pin him down to the acknowledgment of an unpleasant truth. "But don't you think it rains too much?" "Our strawberries are as big as a teacup." "Is it always this foggy?" "Our roses are the finest

in the world." It reminds one of Macaulay's arraignment of Charles I. "He was accused of having violated his coronation oath, and they replied that he was true to his wife." "You have a beautiful body of water here." "Yes; but you ought to have seen it before the panic." And that is one of the reasons why he does not revere the East—the panic. New York reached forth her delicate but merciless hand, turned his banks upside down, emptied out his money and scattered it along the curbstones of Wall Street. But in a measure he has forgiven the outrage. It was bad, but not so bad as if his climate had been assailed.

And that climate is marvelous. It has compelled the Southerner to merge his traditions into a boast for the State of

Washington. "I used to be from one of the best families of Virginia," said a man, "but I have recovered from all that sort of thing. I date my real birth from the time I struck Puget Sound. Let me show you a house that would just suit you. You'd better buy in time, for it won't be long before everybody'll be coming out here." "Yes, a wonderful country and a great city, but so far away, you know." "So far away from where? From the place where the Puritans landed and came nigh starving to death? But it's no farther from Plymouth Rock than Plymouth Rock is from Puget Sound." "But my people all live in the East." "Well, that's their misfortune." Once in a while a man encounters an argument that he cannot answer.

But the business man of Seattle has not that about him which in the suddenly rich of the Middle West is so offensive to the East. If he likes to hear himself talk it is not of what he himself has done. It is of what his country is going to do, and we, the narrow-minded, stand ready to forgive a man whose bragging is broad enough to embrace a sort of patriotism. And above all, it is refreshing to meet a man whom new forces and new aspirations have created anew. Even the most polished imitator is tiresome. There is genius in a crude originality. The Puget Sound man is not an imitator and he is original without being crude. Nor does he wait for foreign approval in order that he may properly estimate the literary worth of home talent. "Have you read

. . . a man whose bragging is broad enough to embrace a sort of patriotism.

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Brown's poem?" "Is it well spoken of by the critic?" "Oh, I don't know anything about that. But it was written here on the Sound." Boston is not so independent. Hawthorne was beautiful in England before he became beautiful at home.

And with all the rush and the loud hammering of this new town there is a restfulness, and moreover, contentment, rarely found in America. There is great energy, but the air is softened by a continuous breath blown from the Orient. Not all of the people are making money; some of them are poor indeed, but there is an ever-ready way to divert one from the telling of a hard-luck story. Speak to him of the country. "I am out of work and broke and don't know what I shall do," said a man as he stood looking out

over the Sound, "but I ought to congratulate myself. I am here." There is no way to dampen the enthusiasm of such men. Throw a wet blanket at them and its falls warm and comforting.

AFTER THE WAR.

If War was the chivalry of American manhood, Reconstruction was the dark age of American politics. In remote history, no death of king, no revolution could have brought a change more marked with differences from the former state. The old planter sat on his veranda as of yore, but he looked not out over a monarchy of cotton nodding its plumes. He saw his gullied fields bush-grown, sullen in moody ruin, sarcastic with brier and with thorn antagonistic. By war's followers his walnut grove had been cut down, made into furniture for the rich of foreign lands or wastefully turned into a

stockade to protect the cheap pine of a railroad bridge. War digs as well as marches; Cæsar's Tenth Legion had shovels, and the spade had turned the channel of the river so that now between the house and the steamboat landing there was a waste of sand. But over all this desolation a bird sang—the soaring lark of the planter's humor. This was an inheritance that nothing could blast. Over it the briers might grow, but on the briers there were flowers. "Why do you laugh?" some one inquired of him. "To keep from weeping," was his answer.

The capper of his joke was the Freedman's Bureau. The negro, remembering the stripes inflicted by the Northern overseer, now demanded politeness of the planter, and, failing to receive it, lodged

a complaint. The Bureau master was perhaps a political soldier of fortune. The chances were that he never saw the front until it turned to come marching back. He wore the garb of the Nation, but he was in most instances the bawd of justice. He wanted money. And a few dollars were sometimes known to silence him even when the negro had cause to complain against the sudden fury of his former master. Looking back now, there arises a marvel that there was not more of the bloodshed of revenge. As a race the negro is not revengeful. Arrayed in his first store clothes of freedom, with the false goddess of his liberty, the ballot-box, before him—like the rest of us foolishly fond mortals, he revered the past, his youth. When left to himself, without

the meddling and pernicious influence of the alien white, he joked with his old master and laughed over the time when they were boys together. Had it not been for the hasty ballot they would have always remained friends. But from the slave to the citizen was too exciting a transition.

"We ain't gwine to be buried no mo' in boxes w'en we dies," said an old negro, voicing the sentiment of his people. "We'se gwine be buried in deze yere Italic cases." And the planter laughed. It was a genuine negro estimate of his new degree. One old "Guinea nigger" who had just buried his wife thus proudly addressed a friend: "I tell yer dar wa'n't no 'oman better buried den she wuz. Dat coffin, made outen iron an' all slicked ober,

He joked with his old master and laughed over the time when they were boys together.

cost me two bales o' cotton. I neber did 'joy myse'f so much at ary fune'l."

But not for long were the fields to remain bush-grown. For a time the negroes thought that freedom meant the privilege of living without work, but as soon as the Government began to withdraw its rations, the new citizen discovered that he had to work. He owned no land, and the white brother's promise of forty acres and a mule fell through; elections were not frequent enough to supply him with money. So he had to turn to the planter. The disfranchised landowner employed the citizen. Politics had been the poetry of the old planter's life. The flowering vine of political contest had formed the wreath about the brows of his community's greatest men. And now the

remembrance was not a vine but a patch of stinging nettles. In the wildest of his visions, unhealthful nightmares of the past, he might have seen the ultimate triumph of the abolitionist. The great Wesley, revered in the South, had watered the plant if he had not planted the seed; the eagle-screaming Clay had shrilled his notes of gradual emancipation. But what witch could have pictured the time when the white man should sit politically dumb and the negro shout his choice in the ballot-box?

It was an odd sight, an early election following the war. From town came a Carpetbagger with the names of officers and legislators to be elected. A follower of the army, one who had bought for almost nothing the hides of slaughtered

steers, with never in his commercial nostrils a sniff of gunpowder, was to represent in the Legislature a county which he had never seen. And if there were in that county a hint of objection, like a flight of blackbirds down came the negro militia. On his veranda, now down at the corners and with shotten roof, the planter sat, watching the black horde profaning the sunlight with the gleam of their unlawful bayonets, marching to coerce the owner of a kingdom, whose fibrous product had set humming the spindles of Manchester. He looked toward the deer horns which were in the gone time wont to hold his gun above the door. But the gun was not there. Some negro boy had it, hunting rabbits in the fields. In the van he saw a lusty buck, old Hannah's child, she who

used to sing while she baked her ginger cakes and glazed them resplendent with the white of an egg. Ah, but the rascal still had within him a moiety of respect, for lifting his soldier cap he murmured, "Marster." To the old man's eye this brought a tear. Softly as of yore came the evening's shade, when steamboats had been used to blow their deep-toned notes, but now there was the negro militia's bugle-call far down the desolated road. The result of the election was announced before the returns were in. The hide-and-tallow man was elected, and resignedly he began to prepare himself to represent the sovereign people—began to roll up his sleeve to thrust his arm up to the elbow into the treasury. How faithful he was to his "trust"! How zealous for recon-

struction and how patriotically crushed when Grant, learning the truth, commanded him to sneak back into his native obscurity.

But the steamboat came and off stepped the man with the mortgage. He was from New Orleans, as had come his predecessor, but in his walk there was a dangerous briskness; his pockets were too bulging with papers and his talk was too quick and "unsouthern." He was met cordially and invited to a seat upon the veranda, the old-time throne of observation. He spoke of being somewhat in a hurry.

"Why, don't be snatched," said the planter. How many times had he said that. Years and years before, there came to his house a distant relative of his wife's forty-fifth cousin. He had come for a

short visit, remained two years, and when finally he prepared to take his leave, the old planter, in the surprise of most genial courtesy, cried out: "Why, don't he snatched!" The considerate relative said that he didn't believe he would—and he remained another year. But this business man was of another sinew. He was corded up till his strings twanged. "I've got to take the first boat," he said.

"What, so soon?"

"I'm in something of a hurry, and I must call at several other plantations before returning. I suppose you know that the old firm has changed hands—the firm holding your mortgage."

"Well, yes; I received a letter to that effect. Didn't answer it—had something else on my mind at the time. Tell 'em

I'll drop in and make their acquaintance when I come down. May be down some time next fall."

"Yes, but they want their money and I have come after it."

"Oh, money. Yes. And now, sir, do you know that it would give me great pleasure to help 'em out? It would, sir, for a fact. What's the news down your way?"

The visitor was looking over a paper. "I have here the amount you owe the firm, amounting to——"

"Yes. But you don't mean to say they have kept track of all that nonsense? Why, that old firm and I were the best of friends, and now I want to ask you what right has this new firm to come in and stir up trouble? Haven't we had enough

trouble? Want your money! Are you a firm of Yankees, sir?"

"We are a firm of business men, and unless you settle with us at once we shall be compelled to sell your land."

A sad voice from the inside announced that supper was ready. "Won't you come in and eat a bite with us?" the planter kindly inquired, hoping that he might touch the heart of his enemy.

"No. I haven't time. When may we expect a settlement?"

"Expect a settlement. Those are harsh words, sir—harsh words to employ against a man in his own house. Give me time."

"You have had ample time, Colonel."

"Sir, I don't know what you mean by ample time." His humor came back to

him. "You shall have satisfaction of your debt, sir. Gather up a passle of them niggers out there and sell 'em."

"Colonel, this is no time to joke. We want a settlement and will force one."

For a moment the old man looked at him, with the glow of humor dying in his eyes. "You will find my son out there somewhere. Talk to him."

Already the young fellow had begun to catch at new ideas. Strong, with an enthusiasm of the present livelier than the memory of a dead day that was sweet, he entered into arrangements to pay off the notes as fast as possible, and he kept his word—a soldier fighting for his honor, the true reconstructionist of the South, the man who is now building cotton factories in Georgia and Arkansas, who sees a

glow, not of an ancient sunset, but of the fires of the furnaces at Birmingham. In England, whither he went on business, they called him a Yankee, and he smiled. His old father would have fought.

Privilege dies hard. To the old planter there was yet no solace to be drawn from a mused memory of the past. The past was to close. Regret could not by lapse of time be mellowed fondness, to be talked over endearingly. That which was to be a trophied scar was still a tender wound. Humor, humor—the American philosophy—was the only salve. The old corn-shucking song, "Jurangy ho, jes er talkin' like er doan kere," was supplanted with the Northerner's tuneful sarcasm, "Say, darkees, hab you seen ol' massa wid de mufstach on his face?" The black, cot-

ton-shirted toddlers, digging in the sand, chanted the tune of freedom. The old grandfather, housed all winter with rheumatism, hobbling out with the coming of spring, sat on a bench in the sunlight, was asked by a passer-by how he enjoyed his freedom. "I likes it fust rate, sah, an' I reckon I gwine git use ter it, but at de present ercasion I wush it didn' draw deze yere legs up so." Sad conception of liberty. They thought that not to be a slave was emancipation from all ills. The old planter could have told them better.

Marvelous it was that the sun continued to be so bright. Were the heavens mocking the blasted earth? And the birds were singing; in the dusk of evening the whippoorwill called, and the brown quail, on the fence beneath the sassafras bush,

"bob-whited" his ancient lay. The old man had loved nature. For him she had spread her poetry, her madrigals. But now she was shrieking a philippic to his distress. The hands of the clock went round, but how different was the time. The minutes fell dead in the midnight hour, when awake the old man lay on his bed, made hard by tender reminiscence, the air stealing from the sweet wilds of nature weighing heavy upon his breast. The joints of the mouldering house gave forth sharp sounds, like an ancient story-teller cracking his knuckles. Day was to come and the sun was to arise; the morning-glory was to bloom, clinging fondly to the old veranda, and the defiant hollyhock was to stand up straight near the kitchen door, but what hope was to be

borne upon the rays of light? None. The planter could not vote, and a voteless white man was like a tailless peacock, a sore reproach unto himself. But with the day there came something to provoke a smile—a negro practicing the courtesy of his freedom "to his shadow in the road."

The negro lawyer arose. His first requisite was a library, books of all sorts, Webster's old blue back, Jay's Family Prayers, seed catalogues—and the advocate who brought before the justice the largest armful of books was entitled to the decision. Of course the justice was a negro. There was one who may live in history. He had been the "property" of the old planter. In compliment to his intensity of blackness he was called Crow Sam. When put up for election, he

was asked by the "committee man" as to the size of the majority he desired. He replied that he should like to have at least five hundred. He thought that his services to his country, and especially his long continuance of servitude, entitled him to that recompense. He had been a blacksmith, and the "committee man" said to him: "Yes, that's all right; but you put a tire on the wheel of my carriage and I'll make your majority fifteen hundred." It was agreed to, and Crow Sam became a judge by fifteen hundred majority. There was no one opposed to him, but that made the majority all the surer. The first thing he did after taking his seat was to reverse a decision of the Supreme Court. A white lawyer who had swallowed the "abnegation"

oath and who, therefore, was entitled to a voice at the bar, arose and protested. "Your honor," said he, "you can't do that."

"Cain' do whut?"

"Reverse a decision of the Supreme Court."

"Wall, now, jest you wait. How much 'jority did de S'preme Cou't hab? Answer me dat p'int. De generman fluctuates. We will now proceed wid de case."

Before this justice the old planter was arraigned. The whole South laughed about it at the time—not at the humiliation of being drawn up before a former slave, but at the outcome. About the time that Sam put on his first air of freedom he did something to insult the planter, and was knocked down with a handspike.

The "Bureau" fine was paid and Sam, as he turned to go out, not satisfied with the punishment, remarked to his former master: "Neber min', I'll get you myse'f one deze days." And his time came. The planter's offense, in the eye of the "colored" law, was most wanton. With a buggy whip he had lashed an insulting darky. When the warrant of arrest was sworn out before Crow Sam, the old fellow laughed till he shook the clapboard shanty. His revenge was to hold a festival. By force, and roughly handled, the planter was brought into court. Sam, who could not write his name, was busily scratching on paper. He looked up, fixed his glasses and remarked:

"'Pear ter me like I'se seed you befo', sah."

The planter screwed down the lid of his resentment and his anger bubbled low. The justice continued: "I kin reach back inter de past an' fetch yo' out, but yo' label dun wo' off an' I'll hatter ax yo' name."

"Do your worst, you old scoundrel!" the planter exclaimed.

"De generman mighty familiar wid de law ter talk datter way. Whar do you 'side, sah?"

The white lawyer advised the planter to be temperate, and so he answered:

"About two miles from here, on the Campbell's Bend road."

"Been libin' in dat 'munity long, sah?"

"I was born there."

"In de fust or second quarter or de dark o' de moon—which one?"

Is this a means of torture you have devised, you black scoundrel!" The lawyer whispered and the old man bowed his humiliated head.

"You'se gittin' mo' an' mo' fermiliar wid de law, sah. Bime-by I 'low you kin practice it; an' wheneber you does, dis yere cou't hereby speaks fo' yo' pat'onage. But fust, we will dispose o' de case in han'. Let us yere de 'plaint."

It was then set forth that Abner Steele called the planter a liar, and that in his fury the old man fell upon him and out of his black hide cut streams of blood. The justice looked grave. "It's er mighty serious thing, sah, ter shed de free blood o' dis yere country. Yistidy I sentenced er man ter de penertenchy an' ter-morrer

I gwine sentence one ter be hung, so whut you think I oughter do wid you?"

"What you please, you imp of the devil!"

"Wush I could talk like dis white pusson. He could stan' up dar an' make er rithmetic ershamed o' itse'f. I neber wuz so flattered in my life. Did you eber yere er song erbout marster bein' in de col', col' groun'? Mebby befo' mornin' some o' deze niggers will be er singin' it. I wuz jest er thinkin' how times had changed. I neber did see de like. Did you? Wall, sah, one time er white man dat I berlonged ter knocked me down wid er han'spike, an' ez I lay dar on de groun' I didn' think I eber would be er jedge. Man has been tryin' all his life ter fin' out but you neber kin tell whut's gwine

ter happen. But come, now, Mars Bob. Doan look black at me. Dis yere Abner is ez big er scoundul ez I uster be, an' we'll discharge you, fling de State in de cos' an' put dis rascal Abner at work on de levee. Did you think I gwine hurt you? Bless yo' ol' life, you ought ter knocked me down dat time—yas, sah, caze I wuz bad. Ricolleck w'en we wuz boys we uster sein de creek wid our straw hats? You'se sorter fadin' erway frum me. Would you please, sah, min' gibin' me you' han'? "

The old planter thrust forth his hand. "God bless your black hide," he said.

And the country laughed, but it was not a gleeful laugh, for soft and mellow, there were tears in it.

One day a new hope was born. The shackles made of bayonets fell off and the

white man could vote. It was the second emancipation. The rebel soldier, now a plow-hand, took off his hat to the old flag. Almost within the time of one day a change was marked. The foxhound horn was heard in the moonlight. The flowers seemed to have bloomed afresh. And down the road, in the noontime sun, came riding a man who had fought with Old Stonewall, announcing himself as a candidate for Congress. At the planter's house he halted. "Bob," he called, "I want to go to Congress. I think we ought to forgive. Don't you?"

"Yes, when we want office."

But the struggle was not over. The Carpetbagger owned the negro. There was to be another war along the shores of the Arkansas. And it came out of a

peculiar tangle. For Governor, Brooks was supported by the Democrats, and was, the returns declared, defeated by Baxter, the choice of the Republicans. Baxter was seated, but not long after taking his seat it was discovered that he was a Democrat in disguise. In the meantime the Republicans had fallen in love with Brooks, whom they had opposed. They said that he should be seated, and he was, by force of arms. The war-drum beat on the plain. The negro and the white man, unhitching their plow-horses, galloped to arms, one opposing the other. The two armies marched to the Capital of the State. Up and down a street, keeping them apart, was a troop of United States regulars.

But at night there were fierce skir-

mishes, and when the morning dawned dead men lay in the streets. In Washington there were two committees, one from each side, pleading with Grant. The Democrats had small hope. They said that the President was a partisan. The Republicans held the State House in Little Rock and were gleeful. They were waiting for the decision. It came, at night. Their bonfires had been lighted. Off in the semi-darkness gleamed the bayonets of the regulars. Farther away were the saddened ranks of the Democrats. Through the streets came a horseman, holding aloft a telegram. The Brooks men cheered his coming. The commander read the message. He put his hand to his head. He turned and looked toward the grim old State House. His officers

crowded about him. "Put out your fires," he said. "Make peace with the enemy. Grant has decided in their favor."

It was then that the Arkansas River planter became a broad American. His old house was repaired. Again he began to read the newspapers to see what the world was doing. He was "reconstructed," not by force of arms but with a word, spoken by the silent man at Washington.

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A Belle of the careless Fifties.

A CAVALIER OF THE CARELESS FIFTIES.

Never was there before nor can there ever be again the counterpart of such a civilization. Indeed, by many it was not termed a civilization but a feudalism, and by a few of the learned of the East it was called not a feudalism but a despotism. I refer to a time when the planter sat on his veranda, the morning-glories blooming about him, with pipe and julep-glass, dreamily looking out upon a distant sea of purple—a field of cotton in bloom. Leisure is the nurse of culture, but the typical old planter was no more a man of letters than the present-day coal baron is a lover of the muses.

In mind I hold a memory of the lower Arkansas River, with its crumbling banks, its broad low lands, its heavy timber on the distant hills, and between the river and the hills the house of the planter. Built of logs, rambling, with a shed here and an odd storeroom there, with broad veranda and spacious hallway, it squatted low among the trees—the rollicking place of youth, the traveler's rest, an old lord's castle. The rising curtain of history did not reveal this old lord. He came in between the second and third acts, as a tableau, to be removed before the real world could get more than a glimpse of him. He represented a short scene for a brief period and then was ruled out.

To us now it was a strange phase of life on the soil of free America. The dark

tillers of his soil were as much his property as the mules that pulled the plows. To market he could draw them, stand them on a block and sell them to the highest bidder. If he desired it he could sell them to the lowest bidder. Flesh and blood were as much a commodity as corn and cotton. The abolitionists called this old fellow a heartless beast, but that was not true. A beast has no lingering sense of humor, and this old fellow was humorous. To his house came the preacher and they talked about the divine origin of slavery, and at night the preacher prayed for the souls of the slaves. The body-servant, gentlemanly, black arrayed in black, grunted Amen—and the slavery question was for the time securely settled. But even at this late day, after so much rancor,

so much blood, so many years of avowed forgetfulness of the bygone, we can give but an occasional glimpse of this life. The new generation would not believe a picture. Uncle Tom is still rife in the land, treading the scar left across the country by the war, and the echo of the bloodhound is heard in the library of the learned.

What a lordly, careless life it was, led by the Arkansas River planter; how glowing the days and how soft with moonlight the bird-serenaded evening. Was not this musical sloth enough to stimulate generosity? Was not the richness of the soil, washed during high water from the Bad Lands two thousand miles away, enough to foster carelessness? The Yankee on his flinty hillside was saving money to

build a factory, a railroad—at a distant day to stagger Europe with the power of his Trust. The planter was building a mortgage on his vast estate. But the most of the time this mortgage was a joke. Was it not held by a Southern merchant in New Orleans, a perfect gentleman, and as far from an Abolitionist as Charles Stewart was from Old Peter Wentworth? Then why should there be any uneasiness?

There wasn't. But sometimes, in the fall of the year, when the opened crop was billowy in the field, the merchant would fancy—a mere fancy, I assure you—that he needed his money. At the planter's woodyard a steamboat would land and off would come a meek-looking man. The planter would meet him with a cordial

roar. After supper, music in the parlor, a room hung with portraits painted by nomadic Frenchmen — the handsome daughter recently graduated from Magnolia Grove would sing; then from the veranda they would watch the negroes dance in the moonlight; they would talk on every conceivable subject—the freedom of American institutions and the despotism of Russia. But not a word about mortgages or money. The next morning the planter would drive the merchant over the plantation, a darky meeting them at unexpected turns with liquor and mint; they would have noon dinner on the veranda, and then for hours they would loll in digestive doze, in the shade of the live-oak; and then, awaking about the time

They would have mint julip on the veranda.

LIBRARY

the sun had left a blazed trail in the distant woods, the merchant would begin:

"Jim, I don't know whether *you* know it or not, but times are getting hard."

"You don't tell me."

"Yes, I do. That's what I *came* to tell you. The fact is, I've got to do something about that mortgage. Friendship is all right, you know, but business is——"

"Yes, that's right, John."

"And if the worst comes to the worst I'll have to sell you out."

"Yes, and that's what has been grieving me nearly to death for so long a time. I don't think I have slept more than half a night for a year. Let's see, you were here about a year ago, wa'n't you?"

"Yes, just a year ago, Jim; and I told

you then that I had to have money, but before I left you borrowed an additional thousand dollars of me."

"I recollect," says the planter. "It rained the night before and we were needing rain. And by the way, we are needing rain now. That bottom over yonder —as good buck-shot land as a crow ever flew over—ought to make at least two bales to the acre, and it will if we have rain. By the way, what has become of Old Darb Sevier?"

"I see him around the city once in a while."

"He could beat any man I ever saw prophesying rain. And he could take the forked limb of a peach tree and locate a well—do it nine times out of ten—located that one out there. Here, Sam," he yells

at a negro boy, "bring us some water from that well. Can't be beat." And when the water is brought he holds the tumbler up to the light, and upon the purity of water in general and on this water in particular he delivers a lecture.

"Yes, sir," says the hard-hearted merchant, "times are tight. And if I don't raise money at once I'm ruined."

"The whole world is going wrong," declares the planter. "And I think it comes from them speeches made by the Abolitionists."

"Cotton is low in Liverpool, Jim. That is one of the causes." A silence falls, the air is still; from afar comes the cry of the horned owl. Bull-bats bellow high in the dusky air and away off on the hillside a negro sings a melancholy song—calling

on the Lord to send the chariot to take him home.

"When must you have the money, John?"

"I must take it back with me to-morrow."

"You shall have it in the morning."

"I thank you, Jim."

"Not at all. You know I wouldn't see an old friend suffer."

Until a late hour they sit in the soft air, telling stories; and then, when the noises along the river have died away one by one, they go to bed, these business men.

At ten o'clock the next forenoon the boat is to land on her way down the river and the planter and his guest are early astir. Breakfast by candle-light, and then

comes a conference out in the little office at the corner of the yard. For a time the two men sit in silence, the planter drumming on his dingy old desk. "John," he says, "you knew when you came that you'd get your money."

"I thought so, Jim, or I wouldn't have come."

"Exactly. You know the amount I owe you is as good as any gold ever dug out of the earth. But I am tight run at present, and the fact is I must raise a thousand dollars myself right now. Wait a minute, John. There are times when a man needs money and then again there are times when he's *got* to have it. This is one of the 'got-to' times. It's no case of gambling or buying another nigger, it is——"

"A thousand dollars! Gracious alive! I couldn't let you have it to save my life."

"I know you can't, John, but let me tell you. You are a man of family and I must appeal to you. If you were lacking in sensibilities or family I should suffer and say nothing—suffer the disgrace that must come if I don't get the thousand."

"Jim, I came after money and I can't let you have a cent."

"I tell you it is not for a common or a sordid purpose. Now listen to me: The annual ball at the St. Charles this fall is to be the grandest for years. It is to set the social pace and fix the status of every family along the river. The tickets are one thousand dollars a family. John, would you shut my wife and daughters

out of that ball? Would you listen to them mourning out in the wilderness? I appeal to you—they appeal to you. You've got your check-book with you and here's pen and ink. That's it—just a thousand, no more."

The merchant writes the check. The planter goes with him to the landing and wrings his hand a good-by as he steps upon the gangplank.

That mortgage was standing when Lee surrendered. It was one of the inheritances that fell to a young fellow when, ragged, he returned from the war.

Was there ever such a life as that, away back there on the murky river? William's Baron knocked the Saxon on the head and put him under the yoke, but that he might better manage his new estate he

married the Saxon's daughter. He did not claim the Saxon's soul, nor could he in the market-place sell for all time the Saxon's body. Then, compared with the planter, he was not an absolute master. I recall a story told of the owner of buckshot land. He was on a boat, coming from New Orleans. He had sold his cotton and had paid a part of the interest on his mortgage. At the bow of the slow old steamer the negroes were singing a weird song, improvised, drawn from the melancholy mysteries of the night. Along the shore the traveler's red-eyed campfire peered through the dark. In the cabin there was the music of mellow strings, the gleam of jewels and the wavelet-like swish of silk—a ball. But for these the planter had not an eye nor an ear. He

was in a poker game. From the first he began to lose. Near him stood his faithful body-servant, black as the night lying low along the banks. The hour grew late, the fiddles were tired, the dance hall deserted.

"Well," remarked the planter as he bought another stack of chips, "there goes my cotton crop. I reckon you have heard of the planter that lost five black niggers—at this table, probably." After a while he called out: "What, all my blacks gone? Well, I've got three mulattoes. Here, give me a stack of yellows." He lost a big pot. The darky behind him coughed. "Dan," said the planter, "stand farther away. You queer me." The negro walked away and stood like an ebon statue. Another pot was lost. The

planter leaned over and whispered to a man on the opposite side of the table. The man looked at Black Dan and nodded. The game went on. The planter shoved back his chair. Presently he arose, when the deal went on and no card fell in front of him—arose and went to Dan.

"Marster, I'se sorry de kyards has run ag'in you so hard."

"I've let them ruin me, Dan."

"Yas, sah, but we kin work an' make it up."

"Yes, if I had *you* to help me, Dan."

"But ain't I heah, Marster?"

"Yes, Dan, but not for me. I've lost you. That big man with the whiskers is your master now."

"De Lawd deliber me. Wait a minit, Mars Jim. Will twenty dollars do you

any good? I has sabed up dat much. Yere it is." He handed to the planter a twenty-dollar goldpiece. "Do whut you kin wid it."

"I have come back for one more showdown," said the planter, returning to the game. He sat down. The cards came his way—he began to win. And when the sun arose, when the boat landed at the woodyard, the old man and the faithful Dan went ashore arm in arm. He had been won back and the crop of cotton had been saved. It was a Sunday, and afterward he remarked that never had he so thoroughly enjoyed a sermon as the one delivered on that occasion by the neighborhood preacher. The text was that famous bracer of slavery—"Abraham had servants that he bought with his money."

This man believed that he was religious. And in his way he was. He was a believer in the divine right to inherit whatever his father left to him. Into the world he had not come to overturn institutions. Virginia, his temple of godliness, had abolished the slave trade before it had been by statute frowned on in New England, and that was enough for him.

This old fellow's habits were not dissolute. He had a few occasional customs that the Puritans would not have passed without censure, but he was not a tavern brawler nor would he permit his Northern overseer to rawhide a darky on Sunday. Once he had a fight with the preacher—gave and received a bloody nose, and when reproached by his wife he ably defended himself. "Yes, I hit him,"

said he, "but you haven't heard me say anything about cutting down his salary."

In "the city"—which meant New Orleans—he was a favorite. At the old St. Charles he was always given a bed with a pair of clean sheets, but it is a question whether or not he knew when he went to bed, if he did go, that there were any sheets at all, or even any bed. He held in contempt the French manner of dueling. "If you meet me under the Oaks," he once remarked, "you'll meet me with a double barreled gun. I don't want to be picked at with a long darning-needle. When men fight duels they ought to mean business. I am a business man." From the proprietor of the hotel he nearly always borrowed money enough to see him home unless it were cotton-selling time,

and then he usually had enough of his own to see him almost there. Nearly all of his distresses were humorous. As a general thing he had half a dozen sons-in-law living with him. The majority of them were doctors. I recall one of them. He was a showy fellow and had married the flower of the flock. He attended the negroes on the plantation. One day the planter said to him: "Doctor, I like you. But you are too expensive for me. Understand, you married my favorite daughter and that I like to indulge your whims but they cost too much. You are killing too many of my niggers. I don't want to cut you down, but if it's just the same to you, go off on a vacation and let some of them get well."

To him there had been two Presidents

of the United States—Washington and Jackson. But Washington lived far back in the past and was almost a sainted myth, while the echo of Old Hickory's voice was still rumbling among the hills and in the hollows of political life. Fate, in the dark gown of her authority, writing the destiny of nations, had never scrolled another name with such a bearing down of the pen. There were able statesmen, but never on earth could there be another supreme intellect. To him it was always a delight to tell that old story, now a classic. Shortly after Jackson's death two of his slaves were working in the field. One of them remarked: "Wall, Abe, ol' Marster's gone."

"Yep, dun lef' us."

"Abe, you reckon he went ter heaben?"

"Wall, ef he wanted ter go I doan know who gwine keep him out."

This story was known up and down the river, but when a stranger told it he was welcome to a month's board.

This old man loved Walter Scott but he hated Dickens. Scott taught him all the English history he cared to know, made him gallant and induced him to cut crenellations on the square board tower of his carriage-house. Dickens criticised America and the old planter was America. The rest of the population were Yankees.

As absurd as it may seem, this owner of slaves held in abhorrence the professional negro trader. In new Orleans there was a great slave-market, and it is

said that standing here was once a tall youth, gazing in horror at the traffic in human beings. From that moment he became an emancipationist. The years passed; a cloud hung over the land. He signed a proclamation that set the negroes free.

No, this lordly leisure did not stimulate literature, but it fostered something as old at Attic poetry—forensic oratory. With the brightest book in his hand the planter might doze off to sleep, but under the spell of even an ordinary speech his soul arose exultant. He did not want statistics, but fire. Oratory must imitate the cry of the hounds. His gospel was physical courage. A man who was not willing to die for what he believed to be true was not worthy to live. To call him a liar meant

death. Only on one occasion do I recall a backsliding from this moral obligation. On the court-house square the planter was engaged in sharp words with a man not celebrated for his nerve. The bystanders knew that there was to be trouble. It was observed that the countenance of an undertaker, looking on, lighted up with a smile. Finally the man called the planter a liar. There was a cry of "Look out!" But no pistol, no knife was drawn. The planter walked off. The people were astounded. Surely the planter had not understood the word. Some one went to him: "Do you realize the fact that he called you a liar?"

"Yes, I understood him perfectly."

"And you ain't going to kill him?"

"No."

"May I ask why?"

"Because I *am* a liar."

But the next man who tried it was carried away on a shutter.

In most ways the old fellow was lovable. He would borrow money but he was quick to lend. To woman he bowed low. Once when he bowed lower than usual he turned to a friend and remarked: "I owe her husband." For trade he had a contempt. He used to say, "A gentleman can't buy and sell—unless it's cotton." He had more respect for a pauper lawyer than for a rich grocer. He held that the real gentleman made his living by land or by intellect.

He has passed, nor could the combined statesmanship of the world nor the armies of the great powers devise a means

by which any one might take his place. In a country that gave to mankind a Lincoln, he was a Czar.

THE PIONEER BUSINESS MAN.

Out in the southwest, in Tennessee or Kentucky, a long cabin moldering into decay marks the spot where the adventurous business man of a day now held in romantic reverence first unfolded his bolt of calico and exhibited to the wife and the daughter of the squatter the splendors of civilization. Business has ever been adventurous, but here it was almost desperate. The adventurer had to fight his way through a thousand difficulties, river torrents and forest fires, and then at last, when settled down he had to look out, not for the first-of-month draft of the bank but for the glinting sight of an Indian

hiding behind a tree. The cabin of merchandise was usually built beside a stream and, of course, not far from the blazed trail that led from one fort to another. It must seem that it would have been more in the line of common sense had the pioneer merchant set up his stock of goods in the midst of a protected settlement, but he didn't, not indeed because the ground was already covered by a trader, but because, as one of them expressed it, he wanted room. Plenty of room was the one essential. The store house may not have been larger than ten by fifteen feet, so that this plenty of room could not have meant space inside. And, it was an instance of sitting down and waiting for customers, not only for them to come

into the store but for them to move into the neighborhood. With a sort of unerring judgment the pioneer business man usually selected a spot that never was to become a town. "Why did you build your house so near the swamp?" was asked and the business man looked surprised.

"Why, to keep some fellow from buildin' on the other side of me," was his answer.

Typical of this class was an old fellow named Dan Cavit. He built his cabin not far from the Cumberland River and hung out a bit of flaming cloth and fired off a gun, which, properly interpreted meant that he was ready for business. A joker came along and inquired as to his stock.

"Wall, I'm putty full of all things that a feller is likely to need out here," he said.

"Muskets?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of muskets."

"Bibles?"

"Box full of 'em."

"But I want an artickle and I don't believe you've got it."

"Can't tell whuther I have or not till you let me know what it is."

"A Cherokee scalp."

"Wait a minit." The old fellow stepped into the house and returned with a scalp. "Here," said he, "is a piece of property that used to belong to Hard Claw, the chief. He traded it to me for an ounce of lead. Did think that I would leave it to my children as a

hair loom, but the tought occurred to me tuther day that I hadn't any children, so you may have the scalp at a reasonable figger."

The scalp was bought for one dollar, a fair profit on the expediture of an ounce of lead, and the liar who handed down this tradition says that many years afterward it became the property of Andrew Jackson, was taken to Washington by him and that one night, at a ball, it dangled from the belt of the graceful but erratic Peggy O'Neil.

But old Dan himself was not merely a tradition. He was enough of a fact to leave a record of his conversion to Christianity. "One day about two o'clock after dinner," says his account, properly inscribed in a blank book, "I

was sittin' about waitin' for customers, robbers or Ingins, it didn't make much difference whicher one, when up rode a circuit rider. I had never seen him before but from description I took him to be Brother Peter B. Watkins, and such proved to be the truth He stepped over a hound dog and came in, and this hound I wish to remark was one of the finest in the neighborhood. He was never known to bark up the wrong tree and it ain't usual that a hound is known for pure grit but this one was as brave as Julius Caesar or putty near it from what I know of one party and from what I have hearn tell of the other one. The hound's name was Snort and he killed the biggest coon that ever was born in or invaded the Twenty-Sixth

prescinct. Well, Brother Watkins stepped over him and came into the store and said that it was a fine day. Snort looked up and sneezed and I didn't dispute the fact that the weather was fine for I knew it was, but I remarked that we needed rain. Brother Watkins 'lowed that the Lord would send rain in his own good time, and I 'lowed that if he wanted to keep up his record with Noah I reckoned mebby he would. Brother Watkins didn't seem to like this very much—appeared to think that I was takin' a liberty with the bible and he said that it didn't behove me to compare things that way. I replied that I had a habit of comparin' things to suit myself. He said I ought sometimes to suit the company. This

sorter hit me where I was polite and I begged his pardon. He took out a twist of tobacco, we gnawed off and then sot there and chawed in meditative and brotherly silence. After a while I asked him if he was havin' much luck in fetchin' folks into the church and he spit on the hound and said, 'Wall, midlin'.' And for a time we chawed on and didn't say nothin'. But after a while he looked up and said: 'I hear you are the cussinest man in the whole country.' 'Well,' I said, 'I am a cussin' man fur I am in a cussin' business.' He chawed on for a time and then said it was wrong to cuss. I 'lowed mebby it was and done some little chawin' myself till he 'lowed that no man had a right to take the Lord's name in vain,

and then I stopped chawin' long enough to say that I didn't take it in vain but to putty good purpose when I cussed some folks that I knowd of. Then he said that cussin' didn't do nobody no harm except the cusser, and this forced me to say that it was a matter of opinion. This was as far as we got when a feller come in to sell a batch of coon skins, or ruther to trade 'em for licker and tobacker, and when the transaction was over I set down again and looked at Brother Watkins, but he was asleep in his chair. I knew that he must have been nearly a day and a night on his hoss and I didn't wake him up but let him sleep. Nobody else came in, as trade wan't so mighty brisk, and Brother Watkins he slept peaceful till

along toward sundown, when he woke up and said: 'I must have drapped off.' 'Yes,' I 'lowed, 'you have been puttin' in a few putty fair licks.' He stretched himself and wanted to know how long befo' I thought it was time for me to quit cussin' and join the church. I told him that as cussin' was about the only luxury I had except tobacker I didn't believe I'd give it up as long as I was able to enjoy it. He scratched his head and for a while was silent and then he spoke up: 'I am thinkin' about buildin' a church near here, about five miles away, and I want you to help. And after it is built I want you to take yo' place in it as one of the prominent members.' I sorter laughed but he give me a look that showd me he was in earnest.

'Why, Brother,' says I, 'you don't know how unfittin' a man I am for a leader in the church. You'd better go out and git an Ingin to serve in my place.' But he shook his head and 'lowed that he thought I was good enough timber for that position. 'But I ain't got no religion,' said I, and he said we might look 'round and find some for me. 'There's always a good artickle of religion a waitin' for the man that gits down on his knees,' said he and this made me smile when I replied: 'Yes, but I ain't got down on my knees yit.' 'That's what I naturally observe,' said he, 'but you are goin' to git down and pray for worthiness to act as head man in the new church,' and by this time the sun was down and

I 'lowed what we'd better have a bite to eat and he said all right and I stirred about and baked a hoe cake of corn bread and broiled about a half a midlin' of meat. He complimented me by eatin' with an active appetite and after we shoved back from the box that served as a table he wiped his hands on his big red handkerchief and said that he was now ready to return to the matter of my becomin' fittin' to join his church. 'When you git ready to go to bed for the night,' said I, 'you'll find a hoss blanket there on the counter and you may pick out the softest place on the floor.' But he shook his head. He remarked that he was one of the preachers that compelled 'em to come in. 'You know what I mean.' I said that I was

usually in a fog on such matters and he said he would make it plain. 'You know there was a feast given by a rich man,' said he, 'and he sent out a number of invitations but they returned excuses. Nearly everybody was too buisy to come to the wedding supper. So after a while he sent out his servants and told them to fetch in folks whether or no. Well, they went out, they did, and they pulled and they hauled, and brought in a number of fellows. And that is my business now, Brother Dan. I am out after fellers and I want you.' 'That's all right,' said I, 'but you didn't go far enough with yo' story. Among the fellers that was fotch in there was one that didn't have on no weddin' garment, and this stirred up a

row and they took the po' feller that didn't want to come no how and flung him over the fence. Now I ain't got no weddin' garment and I don't want to be flung out.' This stuck him for a while and he scratched his head. but there was no sich thing as downin' such a man as he was, so he said: 'It is true that you ain't got no weddin' garment, and I am here to make you one, and now in order for me to take your measure you must git down on yo' knees.' 'But,' says I, 'there ain't no use of the weddin' garment for I don't want to go to the weddin'. I am a bacheldor and don't believe in weddin's no how.' I thought this would surely floor him, but it didn't. He looked at me and said: 'At our feast we are a needin' of

a good strong appetite, and thurfo' I must insist that you kneel down with me while I take the measure for the weddin' garment.' I still held out ag'in him, and after a while he broke off all peaceable relations by sayin' that he would find it to be his pleasure and his duty to compel me. The fire was burning low and I 'lowed that we'd better have a little more light, so I lit the tallow candle and stuck it up on the wall. Durin' this time he sat in silence, a communin', I tuck it, and when he had communed about enough he got up and put his hand on my shoulder and told me to git down and pray with him. 'If that's the sort of a feast you've got for me,' said I, 'why, I don't believe I'm so mighty hungry.' 'Yes,' he said,

'you are hungry—you are almost starvin' to death.' I shoved at him but he wouldn't git away and then we clinched. The candle fell down from the wall, and the hound dog a standin' with his paws in the door set up a howlin', and the house shook as we hit the floor, and as we tussled he'd ask me every once in a while if I was hungry yit and I'd answer no, till at last he got me down in a corner by the counter and I told him that I believed I was gittin' a little knawish but he 'lowed I wan't quite willin' enough to eat, and finally I told him that I never in my life felt so much like goin' to a feast, and he let me up and without any more ado I told him that I was ready to join him in any sort of prayer he might propose.

Well, he stayed all night with me—stayed two days, the fact is, and when he left or rather a good while befo', I saw my way clear. I stopped cussin', began to give better measure than I had been givin', wouldn't even cheat an Ingin, and that, I thought, entitled me to be the corner stone of any church in the land."

In those days business was a series of barter interrupted by rough anecdote and the church militant. Ever was the merchant ready to drop his yard stick and seize his musket, not only to fight the Indians but the British, and when the time came, down to New Orleans went the pioneer merchant to make illustrious the name of Jackson and to set his country's eternal claim

upon the mouth of the mighty river. When the country became settled he picked up his small stock of goods and moved away, further toward the West. It did not seem that he was seeking so much the development of trade as the right ever to exercise his, the peculiarities of his own individuality. But in the West the country grew so fast that he could not always get out of the way and thus surrounded he sometimes became the leading merchant in a town, to rid himself of his wild ways and later to send his sons to colleges in the East. Once or twice in the course of our national life this sort of a man, in the West, from grub-staking miners has turned toward education himself, has read by the dim light of a bear-fat lamp,

has fought with great problems and has gone to the United States Senate. Side by side with this rover has jogged along the circuit rider. As truly as any crusader of old was he a soldier of the Cross. He knew not how soon his scalp might adorn the wigwam of the Indian or at what moment the panther might claim him as his own, but these little obstacles made not the slightest difference to him. As if it were a sunrise he saw his duty glimmering upon the distant hill-top, and toward it he struggled, never daunted, always kindly, prayful, sympathetic, but ready to fight friend or foe for his church. The first man who hailed the pioneer business man as he was getting out the logs for the construction of his rude

commercial emporium was the circuit rider. He came over the buffalo trail, looking not for gain but for a soil where he might sow a seed, and when found the seed was planted and watered with faith. History gives no account of another man like him. The soldiers of the early church braved many dangers, it is true, would have fought lions and tigers, which under the bloody emperor they were indeed forced to do, but the circuit rider in the wilderness, thousands of miles from the seat of his authority, with the ringing notes not of praises but of wolves sounding in his ears, presents an unparalleled picture of solitude and devotion to cause. He was not a business man but he blazed the

path for business and business paved the road for enlightenment.

In this pioneer business man how potently was reflected the peculiar genius of early America. Love of country is more marked in a man who lives in a cabin than in one who dwells in a palace. Solitude is the essence of freedom, and the love of freedom is the parent of patriotism. The pioneer was shrewd in his judgment of men. It was almost impossible to hide a motive from him. A dollar was hard to get and he knew its value. Whether or not he were religious he read the bible, for it was almost the only book within his reach, and to this book Ruskin owed his literary finish and his power of expression. So, when the time came and

the pioneer stood upon the stump to speak to his neighbors on questions that vitally concerned them, he spoke as one inspired. His methods of trade were rude and direct, and in dealing with public affairs he is wanting in that polish known as statecraft, that is to say, his deceptions were not polite. This has given Europeans cause to declare that the American knows nothing of diplomacy. It is said of old Sam Houston that when president of Texas he had occasion to meet a well-known Spanish diplomatist and to haggle with him over a question which gave promise of vexatiousness. The Spaniard objected to everything proposed by Old Sam, but he did it in a charming manner. He accused the American of not

telling the truth and was so polite about it that the Texan president thought for a time that it was a compliment, but finally the truth was flashed upon him and he knocked his diplomatic visitor down. When reproached for his act he replied:

"Come to think of it," said he, "I may not be what you might call a first-class diplomat, but I reckon that I'm a good bit of a man."

And the pioneer thought that it was better to be a man first and a politician afterward. He was a lover of the truth. An old fellow out in Colorado used to say that a liar was worse than a horse thief. "For," said he, "we always know what to do with a horse thief but

exactly how to deal with a liar hasn t been set down in our moral code."

The greatest height attained by the pioneer business man of the Southwest was to become a slave owner. His early lack of education kept him out of active politics. In his part of the country there were powerful orators, educated for the bar, and with these men he could not hope successfully to contend. So he sat down to give to ignorance "the rich coloring of human chattel" — he bought slaves and scorned books. The bible was none too consoling and therefore he did not read it with the zeal that characterized his brother who moved toward the Northwest. Both of them have passed away. Well, perhaps not entirely. The one of the South

has, of course, but the Westerner still exists to some extent. In the new mining camp his cabin may be seen. But the day of his great opportunity is gone forever. His raw material has been used up. He burned out the candle of a former era, and now he must sit, dazzle-eyed, in the electric glare of progress.

On a train, far out West, I "fell in" with a Congressman, not long ago, and he told me that his grandfather and for aught he could tell his great-grandfather had been of the pioneer business men in the Southwest. "My father followed in his footsteps," said he, "but having argued or read himself into an opposition to slavery, he moved westward. It never appeared to be his aim to accumulate money. He was keen at

a bargain up to a certain point and then his business tact seemed to give out all at once and he then would slide backward down the scale and begin again where he had started years before. But as money getting was not his sole ambition he never was discouraged. I think that he had a vague sort of hope that he might some time be sent to Congress, and I recollent that he used to sit up until late and read the reports of famous debates, and he joined a debating society but always fell down. He lamented his lack of education, yet when my time came along he thought that the best thing for me was first to learn the principles of business. He argued that government was nothing but a business and as he needed my as-

sistance at the time the argument was good. We moved a number of times, always choosing the most unpromising place, it appeared to me. He said that it was best to deal with strangers for they were not likely to ask for credit and if they did it was not hard to refuse them. When he died I not only inherited his small stock of goods but much of his business incapacity, and about the first thing I did was to pick up and move, for as I was called by my Christian name by every one in the neighborhood, nobody hesitated to ask me for credit. I grub-staked in mining camps until I had to do day labor in a mine and finally I went into politics."

"Did you ever learn anything from your father's methods?" was asked by

a man who was on his way to set up a store somewhere in the state of Idaho.

"Oh, yes," answered the Congressman. "I learned that no matter what business I might be engaged in it was ten to one that I could do better in some other line."

About the moldering cabin, in Kentucky, the flowers bloom every year. It is a venerable pile, this ashen heap of the past, and no one disturbs it. About it in the evening the cattle ring their mellow bells, and in the heat of the noon the farmer boy sits near it, beneath the mulberry tree planted by the old Pioneer Business Man and fondly muses of him, over his kindliness and his bravery.

Glimpses and Epigrams of Opie Read

The pulpit was given to man, perhaps; but the first promise of eternal life came through a woman.

God rewards the man that seeks to ease an old mother's heart.

Youth is often too much lacking in judgment to estimate its surroundings —the dangers that lie about. Talk comes early but sense follows very slowly along.

Ambition in the breast of the weak is a sore rankler.

In the matter of acquaintanceship, a few minutes can sometimes accomplish the work of years.

Glimpses and Epigrams

The truth is often hard to tell. It is hard to handle because it is so strange.

A woman who devotedly loves a man cannot see how it is possible for the object of her affections to fail in the attempt to win the love of a goddess.

Happiness always comes just a little in advance of a disappointment.

How ruling is a faith; how it blinds reason, blots out incredulity.

Two minutes can be an eternity; two seconds of the soul's existence can be a shoreless sea of time.

In the majority of cases it's the educated man who finds it hardest to make an honest living; the man who has a trained mind.

It is more respectable in the eye of the world to be a thief than a pauper.

Even in grief the most unpretentious of us shallow mortals are sometimes

proud—proud that we have a nature that almost refuses to give up a sorrow.

The love that we learn to bestow is the easiest love to take away.

Faith makes a man religious; will makes him strong.

A quick look, a mere glance, the shortest sentences within the range of human expression, but in that short sentence a full book of meaning.

Don't fool along with affairs that are hopelessly tangled. Strike at something else.

It is a sin to laugh at a trouble.

Endurance has its boundary lines.

The wise man looks to the future; the weak man hugs the present.

Do not destroy your natural manhood by talking to people whose every aim is to be unnatural.

Glimpses and Epigrams

Religion means a life of inward humility and outward obedience.

Compliments are almost worthless when they reach none but the flattered ear.

To be *somebody* calls for sacrifice as well as ability and determination.

Is wretchedness always tiptoeing in the expectancy of some new pang?

Villainy holds a virtue when it tells the truth.

There are transactions in which men are bettered by being beaten.

There is more of conviction in silent opposites than in noisy arguments.

The worry of a strong man is a sign of danger.

That is true wisdom not indeed to have nothing to say, but keeping the something that fain would fly forth.

It pays to let revenge go.

The coarse-grained man holds himself above the opinion of those far below him, but a gentleman would value the good will of a dog.

There never was a greater fallacy than the supposition that all men were born equal, inheriting the same amount of original sin and capable of receiving the same degree of moral training.

Remember that in an irregularity often lie some of the most precious merits of this life.

A man's gone if he lets his so-called friend run to him with discouragements.

Even dignity sometimes stands in need of advice.

The youth whose promise in life embraces the prospect of a broad scope should be taught that at the end of it

all—this alluring rainbow—lies disappointment.

I hold that the Lord didn't make one man for another man to run over.

What is more elastic than a promise to wed?

Man may be walking pleasantly with prosperity hooked upon his arm, talking of the deeds they are to perform in common, when up gallops misfortune on a horse, and that is the end.

How harder than a rock is human justice

Some men might argue that it is difficult if not impossible for a failure to become a success, but all astonishing success has come out of previous failure.

A trial of joy is the easiest trial to bear.

Pity is *not* akin to love.

Nature despises the weak.

Kindness is not always the truth

Does nature ever forgive?

It is awful to be companionless.

We are more meditative when we have been close to nature and that always gives us a sort of spiritual help.

The ancient philosophers, counseling contentment of the mind, had money loaned out at interest. It was no wonder that they could be contented, and, after all, they held the right idea of life: money first and philosophy afterward.

There is true religion in every phase of art.

The strong man may be overthrown by the hoard of weaklings that envy has set against him.

Ardent yearning is [illegible] irit of ambitious conquest.

To resent an insult is sometimes more of a scandal than to let it pass.

Earnestness is genius.

Next in importance to the discovery of genius itself, is the discovery that genius is picking its way along the briary path of love, lifting a thorny bough in bloom to peep blushingly from a hiding place or boldly to tear through the branches out into the open and in honest resentment defy the wondering gaze of the common eye.

The only progressive force in the human family is earnestness.

A trouble aired is lighter for the airing. It is the secret trouble that eats the heart.

Time and the something that brightens hopes and softens fears gradually soothes affliction.

A confession of ignorance is a step toward wisdom.

To enjoy a principle we must share it with a friend.

Without a certain moral force there can be no real and lasting achievement.

Apathy, the sure follower of enthusiasm.

The soul of mirth is a sly mischief.

The devil titters when men argue.

A rocking-chair is a remembrancer of a mother's affection.

A man is truest to himself when he performs some sort of labor no matter whether it is digging in the ground or expounding a philosophy.

The province of greatness is not to enshroud but to simplify.

Love lights a hundred torches in the soul of man.

Without failure the world could never have realized one of its most precious virtues—perseverance.

A gentleman can, at all times, stand in smiling conquest above a tough.

We may tie a man's hands and feet but we cannot bind him so fast that he may not slip into slumber.

While a gentleman respects age, he cannot permit age to humiliate him.

A marriage tie cannot hold an unwilling mind.

There should be a difference between the action of a man who is preaching and one engaged in getting out sawlogs.

You must not be a cynic—it is an acknowledgment of a failure.

Drink,—the devil's sympathy, promises heaven, but slippers the foot—that treads its way to hell.

A close acquaintance with a few masterful books is oftener better than a more pretentious education.

How weak it is to sin and how strong to forgive.

We sometimes fight against happiness.

There is virtue in even a rebellious strength.

Human nature respects exclusiveness.

Aristocracy hampered by extreme stinginess would cut but a poor figure.

There must be a titter in hell when at last man, sore and crushed, resolves to do his duty.

We often miss an end simply because we are unable to discover it and because we have no one to point it out.

There is some little truth in the wildest of speculation.

Nothing can be more charming than the unconscious generosity of simple folk.

The children of genius are cheapened by frequent parade.

In the creation of the great tree there had not been a sound; all has been the noiseless will of God.

To accomplish a good we must use the directest means.

Hallowed books were written by men who lived when the ungodly sword and the godly pen were at war against each other.

Man's first trouble was to lose his title to a garden.

Everything teaches us to practice economy; it's the saving clause of life.

It is sometimes a very difficult matter to explain the simplest mistake.

A consolation that comes with strife consoles but poorly.

Falsehood gallops in riotous pleasure when Truth is absent.

If a man has once stood as a servant, he is, if at all sensitive, ever afterwards afflicted with a sort of self-repression.

Industry is no sure sign of honesty; "Worked like a thief," has become a saying.

It is only on the stage that the villain wears his principles stamped upon his countenance.

In thoughtless sympathy a great wrong may lie.

In impudence there may lie a good intention and a piece of advice that may not be bad.

To an unsettled mind a book is a sly poison; the greatest of books are but the records of trouble.

If you make an equal of a man who is not your equal he is sure, sooner or later, to insult you.

Glimpses and Epigrams

Some great orators make you laugh at your own sorrow and then compel you to look with grief upon your own laughter.

We are never so truthful as when we forget self.

Frankness should always have judgment behind it.

How time does stop and mock a man's impatience!

We may learn how to express thought but thought itself must be born in us.

Man's mind, you know, has two lobes—one embracing the horse and the other covering the human family and other little things.

How many strange things love will make a man say.

A man's a fool to leave his wife with a misunderstanding in her head.

Of what use is an ear when you turn it from heart-felt praise to catch the unsympathetic tones of average life?

Undue enthusiasm is a human weakness. Nature's work, with God standing behind it, is orderly, except when nature destroys, and then there is fury.

Sense not being so light of foot has a hard time trying to overtake wordliness and there are cases where it does not succeed.

If we believed nothing except that which is based upon reason so plain that every man can see it, we would, indeed, be an incredulous people.

Love comes once and is ever present afterward.

Thought may come as a temptation; to restrain it makes us virtuous.

Common sense always commands respect, for nearly every rule that gov-

erns the conduct of a man is founded upon it.

A rainy day makes a companion dearer to us, just as a dark night makes our fire the brighter.

The most persistent explorer of motive is woman.

One of man's greatest influences is to inspire silence.

A law book without poetry behind it is a heap of helpless dust.

There is in the world a genuineness of hospitality, a kindness which makes no calculation of a possible return of favors.

Love knows a duty and often it throws away the bow and nobly takes up the yoke.

A reformed man may not be the best, but he is never the worst.

Ah, trouble has many a mask, which it puts from day to day upon our faces, choosing those with deeper and yet still deeper lines. But a young god of happiness may spring up, with the coming of a new surprise, tear off the mask, and with a wing loaned by the angel of love, fan back to youth the aged countenance.

To an uneasy mind any suspicion is reasonable.

In the coming glory of the day when molten gold is poured from the black furnaces of the night, even the most doubtful must feel the spirit of the world's creator; and it is then that the heart takes fresh confidence.

The ignorant are those who have not been taught to govern their emotions.

More than half our criticisms are absurd. Why should I presume to criticise something in an atmosphere entirely different from mine?

The soul does not steadily abide within us, but wanders hither and thirther, seeking rest; and when it returns and lights this lonely temple for a time, men say that we have been inspired.

The mind asks for its ambition; the heart begs for its life.

Ah, the glory of being loved. But is there not a greater glory, the glory of loving? Is not hunger for love a selfishness?

Said the preacher: If there were but one word to express all the qualities of God I should select the word forgiveness.

What is the sea but the tears that have been shed by the sorrowing children of men? The sea has its tide and what is that but the emotion, the grief-swell that is still alive in those briny drops?

of Opie Read

Reason is the off-spring of wisdom, but it has always been a coward.

Nothing is much crueler than to remind one of ingratitude; it is like shooting from behind a rock; it is having one completely at your mercy.

Was there ever a future that was not prepared to take care of itself? And is there a past that can be helped? Then let us fasten our mind to the present.

To be wholly respectable a man must give up many an enjoyment.

Having failed to achieve the highest success in a chosen calling we can find contentment in the middle ground of a second choice, for then the heart has had its day of suffering.

In matters that tend to lead the heart astray we rarely think until too late, and then each thought is an added pain.

There are always two hopes walking with a doubt, one on each side, but a certainty walks alone.

We are sometimes afraid to feel an unaccountable buoyancy lest it may foretell a coming fall. I have known Christians who had prayed for sanctity in the sight of the Lord, to tremble at happiness, afraid that it might be a trap set by the devil.

Worry is a bad producer, but a good critic.

When the teachings of a man's mother leave him unfinished there isn't a great deal of encouragement for the wife.

Admiration of the powerful is felt alike by the savage and the cultivated man.

The night is the mother of many an imp that the day refuses to father.

Do something, see something, feel the throb rather than the dead pressure of life.

We are putting too much weight on what we can buy for money, unmindful of the fact that the best things of this life are free. Ah, but the trouble is we don't seem to need the free things. When we stand in real want of them we die.

Love may be a divine essence, calm as God-ordained peace, when it flows from the heart, or it may be—wolfish.

Behind an error of the heart there stands a sophist, a Libanius, to offer a specious consolation—a voice ever ready to say, "It was not your fault; you do not create your own desires, neither can you control them."

A man looks upon his wife as a part of himself; and a man will lie even to himself.

When a man has once been a "servant" of the people, he is never satisfied to fall back among the powerless "masters."

There is no greater bore than the well-balanced man. He wears us out with his evenness.

The mind is God-given, and every good book bears the stamp of divinity. Books are the poor man's riches—the tramp's magnificent coach. With them every man is a king; without them every man is a slave. I had rather live in prison where there are books, than in a palace destitute of them. They reduce a dreary and barren hour into a minute of ripe delight.

Any tie of life that holds us to some one, although at times its straining may fall little short of agony, is better far than slip-shod freedom from responsibility.

Love is sometimes invisible as well as blind.

Mysticism is too grand to be grasped at once. It is the key to all wisdom; and there can be no sorrow when all men are just and wise, for justice relieves the wants of the body and wisdom will provide against grief.

There is something new in your eyes, something I never saw there before—so tender that your bantering words seem strangely to belie you. Have you been gazing into sweet countenances? Or perhaps Doctor, you have caught the reflection of the first light in a baby's eyes.

Do you know what is the noblest office that poetry exercises upon life? It prevents the marriage of many a man and woman; it demands love first, and hen accepts marriage.

A confidence is more valuable when we have fought to restrain it.

Behind all mystery there is power.

How dear stupid people are—they are sometimes our dearest ones. About the only thing they can do is to make themselves dear.

Art is a selfishness; and so is every high-born longing in the breast of man. Philanthropy itself cannot escape the accusation. To give to the needy flatters the conscience.

It is always interesting to hear what a stranger has to say of one's old aquaintances—if he be inclined to say mean things.

While men may build the houses and make the laws, it is the whim that makes the social atmosphere.

Who of us is appointed to set up the standard and gauge of naturalness?

Plain truths are tiresome. They never lend grace to a conversation. A

truth, to be interesting, must be whimsical or so blunt that it jolts

Nothing can be madder than misled labor.

Wisdom lends its conceit to the aged.

Women are the first to show the contempt with which wealth regards poverty, the first to turn with resentment upon former friends who have been left in the race for riches, the first to feel the overbearing spirit that money stirs.

A vigorous nation buys and sells and fights; but a nation that is threatened with decay paints and begs.

Gentleness may be a passion that has sunk into a dreamy sleep.

However much we may respect our own necessity to tell a lie, we do not recognize the necessity in other people.

The lake seemed now a deep-blue elegy, now a limpid lyric, varying in hue with the shifting of a luminous fleece-work, far above.

At best, happiness is only the bright side of trouble.

I hate a man that sneers at my country; I pity the fool who says that any responsibility is too great for us. All thrones trembled when the Declaration was signed.

A political contest would coarsen a seraph.

The heart cannot express a geat joy until it has felt a deep sorrow.

Things that we most doubt sometimes come to pass, and then we wonder why we should have questioned them.

There is always a ruffian standing behind a tree in the dark, with club lifted, on tip-toe, to knock an ambition on the head. Ambition is a drunken-

ness, but man is noblest when he is fired by another sort of intoxication—when he forgets himself in his love for some other human being.

Things that come to us without a fight are not worth having. The world's only glory has come out of battle. The Cross was useless till blood was poured upon it.

It's a curse to be poor. It gives no opportunity to be generous, sneers at truth and calls virtue a foolish little thing. It is the philosopher, with money out at interest, that smiles upon the contentment and blessedness of the poor man.

Judgement, hope's cold critic.

The lines of art and the lines of bread are rarely found on the same page.

The coward ever seems to fear the light of an open eye quite as much as he does the gleaming of a weapon.

Love—souls waving in a perfumed atmosphere, touching each other.

The sea sounded the deeper notes of its endless opera.

What is it to die? Wise men prove to their own satisfaction that there is no life after death, but where is the proof that shall satisfy me? I want their proof. They have none.

In some distant place where the land was dry a shower of rain had fallen, and the air was quickened with the coming of that dusty, delicious smell, that reminiscent incense which more than the perfume of flower or shrub takes us back to the lanes and the sweet loitering places of youth.

The love that we learn to feel is just as strong and is calmer and often sweeter than the love that leaps out from an ambush and smites us.

Let us not prattle a resentment in palliation of a duty neglected.

This is an age in which a man may not tell most truth but when he demands that most truth shall be told. Realism has been taken up as a fad. But what is more real than the beautiful?

Self-made men rarely worship the past, for to them the past was hard and gnarly.

Nothing is more inspiring than to see innocence gazing upon nature.

On this earth, the strongest of all claims is the sentimental claim; it is delicious to know that some one has a sentimental sight draft against you—a judgment note of the heart.

Our happiness lies not in what others think, but in what we feel.

We are mighty apt to believe that there's great wisdom mixed up in a mind we can't understand. Let a preacher mystify us and we cry, "Inspired!"

You can always gamble on a woman's pride standing square against her interest.

As long as the spirit of the child remains with the man, he loves the country. All children are fond of the woods. The deep shade holds a mystery.

The marriage veil is sometimes the winding sheet of art.

The gospel of content builds poorhouses.

The teacher may not be the father of a thought held by the young but he is the guardian of it.

How blinder than a bat in the sunlight is human faith. How much proof,

and how much argument are required in a court of law, and yet in spiritual things how thin a pretext man believes to be a God-sent truth.

Trouble paints strong pictures. Ah, but the paint eats the canvas. Trouble uses no soft oil in its art.

The domain of silence is free. There no claims are marked off; a privilege awaits every comer.

I don't believe that the Creator found it essential to set up an opposite to himself.

Love—Ah, sweet and perfumed poison, beyond the skill of the chemist's analyzing eye: mystic contagion, how defiant of all self-summoned power to eradicate. Older than the first gray hair on the head of new-made man, and yet with a youth younger than the first breath of a child; the scoff of the cold

in heart; the torturer of the strong; the despair of the wise; the hope of the fool; the glory of the world.

Ah, after this life, what then? To be remembered. But what serves this purpose? A perpetuation of our interests. After you, your son—the man dies, but the name lives. No one of any sensibility can look calmly on the extinction of his name.

Trade is the realization of logic, and success is the fruit of philosophy. People wonder at the achievements of a man whom they take to be ignorant; but that man has a secret intelligence somewhere, and if they could discover it they would imitate him. The statesman is but a business man. Behind the great general is the nation's backbone, and that backbone is a financier.

Over our gravest misfortunes we do not brood with words, but with pictures.

Behind one's own words is a flimsy place to hide; they are a lattice-work and men see through them.

Ah, many days must fall upon a sad memory before it is sweetened.

Humor is the cream that rises to the surface of the "milk of human kindness."

Out of culture may come a pale beauty, but a poet to be immortal must be mad!

Poverty is the only really shrewd fellow, the only genuine critic of life.

How hallowed and sun-glinted that school life now seems to me. Many a grave has been opened and closed, the roots of many a greenbrier is embedded in the ashes of a heart that was once alive with fire, the fierce passion of life. The sun is still shining, and the arch of God's many-hued lithograph is still seen in the sky, and hearts have fire

shut within them, but I wonder if the sun is as bright as it was in the long ago, if the rainbow is as purple, if the fire in the heart is as glowing. Ah, and I know that my grandchildren, in the far away years to come, will lean feebly upon the gate and wonder if the world is as full of light as it was. Every emotion you have felt you may know has been felt by other men. It is this that makes nearly all poetry seem old; it is this that sends true poetry to the human heart.

The ugly are not truer than the beautiful.

Fortune is vested with a peculiar discrimination. It appears more often to favor the unjust than the just. Ability and a life of constant wooing do not always win success, for luck, the factotum of fortune, often bestows in one minute a success which a lifetime of stubborn toil could not have achieved.

Mathematics was the invention of man, but speech was God-given.

Among those who have failed, we often find the highest type of manhood.

A severe countenance is not a communication from God, while laughter might bespeak His holy presence. If God is always frowning, why have we flowers and streams that flash and sing in the sunlight? Man must guard against trivial things, it is true; but good humor is not trivial—it is the voice of health.

Justice ought to be stronger than friendship or even blood relationship.

Sincerity expects a reward, as a rule, and when a man is sincere at his own expense, there is something about him to admire.

In the sturdy and stubborn affairs of life, there is no hope for the man who believes that newness of expression is

an essential grace. If his originality is striking, men will call him a crank; if it is not striking they will say he is dull.

To heal the sick is the most noble of all arts—one that our Saviour practiced.

There must be a reserve force behind all forms of art. It is art to conceal a strength, to create the impression that you are not doing your best.

A man thinks more of you in the long run if you compel him to bow to you than if you permit him to put his arm on your shoulder.

It is better to find contentment, even in a dream, than to snap our nerves in two, straining to reach an impossible happiness.

If a man is disposed by nature to do right, the carrying out of his intentions does not require a constant effort.

Flattery is an exaggeration, but can the most gifted flatterer exaggerate the brightness of the sun?

Ah, how long success lies waiting, and how rusty it has grown when sometimes we find it!

He who has suffered in childhood, and who in after life has walked hand in hand with disappointment, and is then not sensitive, is a brute.

But was there ever a man who, in the very finest detail, lived a life of perfect truth and freedom from all selfishness? One, and *He* was nailed to the cross, to die—for liars and thieves.

Your city belle may be cold, but she cannot hope to rival the imperious chilliness of the backwoods queen. The rough homage of the man with his trousers in his boots inspires more of contemptuous loftiness in the mind of the country belle than the polished

worship of a cavalier could instill in the heart of a beauty celebrated by two continents.

The first frost had fallen but it had been so light that the cotton stalk seemed to stand in surprise, not knowing whether to curl up its leaves in obedience to the warning chill or to hold up its head and open its top boll, but the sycamore tree, more easily discouraged, threw down its leaves and waved its bare arms in the evening's long-drawn sigh.

An actor is of the present and a writer may be of the future.

I had rather stand high as the exponent of any art that I might choose than to have all the money that could be heaped about me.

Shakespeare — the Bible's wise though sometimes sportive child.

Two great teachers, one a man of books, of engaging fancy and bright illustration; the other a child of nature —a man who can feel the pulse of a leaf, who can hear the beating heart of a tree.

We are never tired of a man so long as we can laugh at him.

Women may be persistent but they are quick to recognize the impossible.

An acknowledgement of a fault is not within itself virtue. The fool's recourse is to call himself a fool, to upbraid himself, curse himself and then in graciousness to pardon himself. You might as well reason with a rattlesnake, striking at you—might as well seek to temporize and argue with a dog drooling hydrophobic foam, as to tell the human heart what it ought to do. Reason is a business matter and it can make matches, but it cannot make love.

Words are the trademarks of the goods stored on the mind, and a flashy expression proclaims the flimsy trinket.

She walked in advance of me holding a light high above her head, and how like an angel she looked, the darkness parting to let her pass.

Her hair was as black as the outskirts of a moonless night.

Rose-bushes, heavy with the sentiment of June, and wet with the sweet moisture of a moon-lighted night, drooped over the garden fences. The mocking-bird, sleepless creature, sang to his mate, who, quiet in the contemplation of the cares of approaching maternity, sat on her nest.

Can we commit an innocent error, an error that will lie asleep and never rise up to confront us?

Repetition may make a sentiment trite, but words spoken to encourage

an anxious heart do not lose their freshness.

To a thoughtful mind there is more of interest in decay than in progress. "Decline and Fall" is a greater book than could have been written on the "Origin and Rise."

And it was oratory that spread the great news of redemption—the native force of Peter and the cultivated grace of Paul. Yes, the men of order and of the text book condemned Him to death, but borne upon the eloquence that flew from the heart of impulsive man, His name was carried to the ends of the earth.

Most any man can support a sorrow, but the man who can restrain a joy has shown the completest victory over self.

Let a man get sick and he feels that the world is against him; let him get well and wear poor clothes, and he will

find that the world doesn't think enough of him to set itself against him the world doesn't know him at all.

A sort of self-education makes a man adventurous in his talk, when a more systematic training might inflict him with the dullness of precision.

Youth and love—when we grow out of one and forget the other, there's not much left to live for.

To desire commendation is of itself a merit.

Once joke with a woman, and her impudence—which she mistakes for wit—leaps over all differences in ages.

Genius is the bloom that bursts out at the top of commonplace humanity.

The victim of a king's displeasure is not insignificant.

We haven't long to stay here, and nothing sweetens our sojourn so much as forgiveness.

"Madam," he said, "all that a married woman wants with a church is to hit her husband on the head with it."

The man who is not ready to assume will never accomplish anything, and from a lower station must be content to contemplate the success of those who were less delicate.

To elevate the stage is to make it natural. Scenery often serves to emphasize an emptiness.

It all depends on the way you go at a thing. Any calling can be made offensive.

Just as a man thinks a woman is stronger than a lion she tunes up and cries.

There are times when a man would be excusable for being the echo of the devil.

At some time of life, we are all enigmas unto ourselves; the mystery of being, the ability to move, and the marvelous something we call emotion, startles us and drives us into a speculative silence.

Soft, but forced, tones of kindness burn worse than harshness.

Flattery was intended for women, but they don't look for it as much as men do, and are not so deeply affected when they find it.

The real blessings of this life come through justice and not through impulsive mercy.

The sternly practical have termed imagination a disease, a branch of mistletoe marking the unsoundness of the tree.

There is an atmosphere that promotes gallantry, breeds a gentle pride in self; and that gentle pride inspires generosity.

It gets mighty tiresome when a man is compelled to do everything except something he feels like doing.

I don't know of anything more unreasonable than a warm-weather cold. It's like a fellow with a high voice, singing out of tune in church.

How quick the heart is to give all nature a tint of its own hue.

Who is so frenzied a religionist as the man that has been an infidel; who is so visionary a spiritualist as one that has turned from materialism?

The world seems to be holding its breath, waiting for something to happen; it always appears so when there is a lull in the air just at sunrise.

A simple kindness of heart is a wisdom, while viciousness, though it may be possessed by a philosopher, is a stupid ignorance. In my mind a satirist is the most despicable creature that lives. And history teaches us that he dies abjectedly. Addison, holding until the last his gracious faculties, died a beautiful death; Dean Swift rotted at the top. That part of a man which tantalizes his fellow man, is soonest to decay. The sting of a wasp dies last, but the sting of a man dies first.

We sometimes wound a life-long friend with a word that would have no effect upon a mere acquaintance.

Any woman can learn to play a piano, to speak Italian and to make an attempt at painting, but every woman cannot be a good companion.

Reason, when slower than action, is a miserable cripple.

The best of us have cause to fear the man we have placed too much confidence in. We have made him our master.

One of the penalties of wealth is that a rich man is forced constantly to fumble about in the dark, feeling for some one whose touch may inspire confidence.

Books are the records of human suffering. Every great book is an ache from a heart and a pain-throb from a brain.

A quick judgment is nearly always wrong, yet it is better than a slow judgment that allows itself to be imposed upon.

What an error it is to suppose that one can actually read character.

At times and in some men an under-appraisal of self is a virtue, but more

often it is a crime committed against one's own chance of prosperity. The people's candidate is the man who loudest avows his fitness for the office.

We don't want brain enough to cover the heart like cold ashes heaped on a fire.

Unless a man has something to lift, he can never find out how strong he is.

A weak man uses a weak word in apology for a weak character.

Isn't it strange that a woman is so bold with her husband and so backward with her son—about expressing her mind?

Perhaps it isn't intended that the noblest shall always be the happiest.

An orator can be trained down to a point too fine—it may weaken his passion, dim his fire with too much judg-

ment, hem him in with too much criticism and compel him to dodge. I think that it was Greek art that kept Ben Jonson from creating great characters. The perfection of Greek form rendered it impossible for him to give us anything save talking moralities.

Traveling unquestionably gathers knowledge, but the man who reads has ever a feeling that he is the proper critic of the man who has simply observed.

Happiness will not bear a close inspection; to be flawless it must be viewed from a distance—we must look forward to something longed for, or backward to some time remembered.

The public is greedy for scandal, but looks with suspicion and coldness upon a correction.

Analysis is the dagger that lets the life-blood out of fiction's heart. Ana-

lyze a passion—pick it to pieces, and it blows away. We must not analyze an oil painting, but must be satisfied with art—with deception, for all art has been termed sublime deception.

We all have a certain aim, a certain idealistic end to accomplish. In youth the bright mark is almost within reach, but as we grow older, the mark, less bright, recedes. Those who fancy that they have reached the mark find after a while that it is a delusion.

Let us say that sometimes the devil giveth and the Lord taketh away.

How many people hear the songs of birds and are too dull to be thrilled.

A wild vine, when it is taken from the woods and planted in the yard, where it is watered and cultivated, grows very fast; faster than if it had first come up in the yard.

A man is often contented with his misery and proud of his disgrace.

Why is a man so weak of decision and so strong of regret?

Sometimes a beginning is so delightful that we are afraid to look toward the end.

If there comes a time when men are worth their salt and women are worth their pepper humanity will be well seasoned.

Ah! how many hearts are aching for a love that the law has edged about with Duty!

The attractive fades, but how eternal is the desolate!

A new community worships material things; and if it pays tribute to an idea, it must be that idea which appeals quickest to the eye—to the commoner senses.

Money professes great love for the law, and not without cause. The rich man thinks that the law is his; and the poor man says, "It was not made for me."

Our friends mark out a course for us, and if we depart from it and do something better than their specifications call for, they become our enemies.

It is not necessary to plant the tree in order to enjoy the fruit.

The man who does not love the woods would seek to crucify a god. Poetry and soul do not demand that we shall live there, but they do enforce a reverence and a love for the grandeur of a tree, and the beauty of a flower that seems to have stolen away from the gaze of the vulgar. The city roars a groan, but the leaves sweetly murmur; we chase a dollar along the sidewalk, but in the deep heaven of the woods we feel the presence of God.

Nature held up a pink rose in the east, and the hill-tops were glowing, while the valleys were yet dark.

I cannot conceive of a much grander pleasure than to be able to speak well of a man. Human nature is too much inclined to cross a muddy street to tell a man of a fault, rather than to stop him on the sidewalk and tell him of a virtue.

No matter who drops out, the affairs of this life go on just the same. A man becomes so identified with a business that people think it couldn't be run without him. He dies, and the business—improves.

We have our struggles, but, like the hero of Thermopylæ when told that the enemy's arrows were so thick that they obscured the sun, we must congratulate ourselves that we can fight in the shade. When misfortunes stand thick, we can knock more of them down at one

blow. Samson could not have killed so many of his enemies had they been scattered.

Marriage is a noisy failure or a quiet blessing.

The poets have said that the sweetest music makes no sound.

Who is so humble as a proud woman that loves?

Our friends instead of being able to help us, are themselves in need of aid.

I have acquired one great piece of knowledge, which, had I not received a regular training, might have seemed to me as the arrogance of ignorance, and that is the fact that profound knowledge hurts the imagination. Of course I had read this—but ascribed it to prejudice. I know now, however, that it is true; and I would take care not to over-educate the boy with an

instinct for art. His technique would destroy his creation. And take it in the matter of writing. I believe in correctness, but it is a fact that when a writer becomes a purist he conforms but does not create. After all, I believe that what's within a man will come out regardless of his training. There may be mute, inglorious Miltons, but Art struggles for expression. The German woman worked in a field and had no books, but she brought tears to the eyes of the Empress, with a little poem, dug up out of the ground.

To forgive the weakness of a sin is sometimes a strength; but sometimes forgiveness is of itself a weakness, almost a sin.

Bread may be the staff of life, but art is the wing of the soul.

We are made narrow-minded by our surroundings. When a man is gloomy he thinks that the world has gone

wrong, that life is a mistake, that creation took the wrong shoot from the beginning; but let him be prosperous and in good health, and he is then ready meekly to acknowledge that God is right.

Self-ridicule, the keen scalpel that lances our swollen prominence, that cuts through the skin and shows how watery is the blood of our own narrow yearning.

Man may reason and find conversion in the light of his own argument; ideas, like a flight of birds, may fill this modern air; science, thought, exactness of speech, precision of conduct, a mountain top of intellectual training may be reached—and yet, a strong man's love, fashioned unconsciously and then suddenly electrified with life, is as much of a madness as it was when the breath of Almighty creation had just been breathed upon the earth.

There is more religion in a bird's nest, in a shade sanctified by pure air, than there is in a thousand churches; there is more of the praise of God in the song of one bird than there is in a million human hallelujahs.

At last, worn out with serving as pall-bearer to his own dead spirit, he lay asleep—beflowered, roses on his breast, a broken heart perfumed.

Ignorance always credits itself with shrewdness.

If we die suddenly, at night, dreaming a sweet dream, we may continue the dream through eternity—heaven. If we die dreaming a troubled dream, we may go on dreaming it after death —hell Then let us strive to live conducively to pleasant dreams.

Winning is easy to the man that wins.

A tender conscience has no more show in business than a peg-leg has in a foot-race.

There is no genius except it be whole-souled desire and persistent effort. The genius works late. When he goes to bed the oil in his lamp is low. He sometimes works with the energy of despair, and at last sees success through a mist of tears.

The humorous air is a stumbling block in the way of character reading. A man can hide so much behind a comical expression that his true nature cannot be seen.

A woman has a contempt for the hope of a man. She is a materialist; she wants immediate results.

One may have ever so hairy an ear, and yet the gossip of the neighborhood will force its way in

It is to fiction that we owe some of our greatest blessings. The refinement of Greece rested not upon her realities, but upon her fancies, for all her elegant realities grew out of her great fancies. A rough man can tell you a fact—rough men are full of facts—but he cannot give you an ennobling fancy.

In an adjustment of the human heart's estate, to receive only friendship in return for a loan of love is a painful compromise.

A glimpse of the dawn-couch, purple with the sun's resurrection.

It is not by design that men become philosophers; for to be a true philosopher, one must have suffered.

While profound men grieve and waste away over a crushing loss, the man of simple faith finds rest.

He held the position of professional humorist, and thus he spoke of his calling: "Humor requires quick description—a portrait made by one scratch of the pen; an insight as sudden as a flash, and yet must all along show a profound respect for the reader's imagination. You must permit a man to see a point, yet you must not show it to him. You must leave him under the impression that he is a discoverer. Straight literature is altogether different. You can yield to mood; you can be gay or sad, light or heavy, prolix or condensed; but the humorist—the unfortunate painter whose colors must always be bright—kills his gentler impulses, and tickles the public's nose with the perfumed feather of a red bird."

Patience is the very perfection of industry.

A man needs something beyond his needs; there are times when we look

for something aside from our own natural forces; there are wants which nature was ages in supplying. Look at tobacco. The Greeks missed it as they sat deep in the discussion of their philosophy. They did not know what it was they were missing—but they knew that it was something and I know it was tobacco.

Poetic possessions are the richest to one who has a soul.

There were sounds, the creaking of wagons and the tones of man, speaking to caution his horses, going down a steep hill, but these sounds served only as the punctuation marks of silence.

The mind could exist and be observing even if the heart were dead. Some of the world's great men are heartless. A man to be great in the esteem of the public must be cold—he must con-

stantly keep his mind on himself, must sacrifice friends, smother emotion—he must kill his heart.

There is no grasp strong enough to hold a love that has been given as a duty. Love is sublimely selfish; it doesn't take kindly to duty. Duty is a yoke and love wants a bow.

We all have two selves, one self does wrong, and the other self, which is a sort of indulgent parent, suffers over it.

A wise man is always a little afraid that his friend may follow his advice.

The man who keeps his emotions and his impulses under too much control, is a hypocrite.

That dear fallacy, that silken toga in which many of us have wrapped ourselves—the belief that a good score at college means immediate success out in the world.

of Opie Read

Fancy always playing must play well at times.

In the country where the streams are so pure that they look like strips of sunshine, where the trees are so ancient that one almost stands in awe of them, where the moss, so old that it is gray, and hanging from the rocks in the ravine looks like venerable beards growing on faces that have been hardened by years of trouble—in such a country, even the most slouching clown, walking as though stepping over clods when plowing where the ground breaks up hard, has in his untutored heart a love of poetry. He may not be able to read—may never have heard the name of a son of genius, but in the evening, when he stands on a purple "knob," watching the soul of day sink out of sight in a far-away valley, he is a poet.

It is in the love we give that we find our happiness.

With reason you catch a reasoner here and there, but the people are caught by entertainment, by word-flights, by jolts, by unexpected utterances. Reason with the average man and you lead him to surmise what you are going to say, and then he loses respect for your intelligence. But pour out words upon him, dazzle him with pictures, and he thinks that he sees an inspiration.

Ah, the old road, older than the lane, the first pathway made by the foot of man, bestrewn with the human heart's first tender foibles, with the lamps of man's earliest fancy burning here and there and with darkness lying cold between them—the uneven road of love.

We must observe form and recognize the rules which good taste has drawn, but after all the finest form and the most nearly perfect rule is an inborn

judgment. The merest accident may thrill a dull man with genius.

Nobody has so good an argument as the scold.

What a reproach it is to a woman to see a man think! She must stir him up, scatter his faculties.

No matter how you may be situated, remember that you are not a pioneer; no human strain is new.

A novel-reader is never wholly a bad man, for to be a lover of novels he must enter into the soul of the work. He must sympathize with the afflicted and rejoice with the happy character.

To be young and to place the proper estimate upon it—how magnificent!

Inspirations have their own time, and we should be thankful for their coming rather than to carp at their lateness.

Any heart that wants to be forgiven is one of God's hearts.

Art drops on its worn knees and prays to business, and literature begs it for a mere nod.

In this world there are harder hearts than hearts of oak, for through the oaken heart there flows a gentle sap that tips with velvet buds the winter-stiffened twigs.

The shrewd business man, whose success we all admire, cannot, in justice to his business, carry absolute truth in one hand and a price-list in the other.

A frown trailing the skirts of a smile.

Gratitude—a rarer quality than genius.

Nothing is wonderful. The mere fact that a thing happens proves that there is about it no element of the

marvelous. The strange thing is the one that does not occur. When it does occur it ceases to be strange.

I am not so much of a scientist that I am a fool. No, but you are so much of a fool that you are not a scientist.

In associating with the young the old often catch the spirit of youth. The young man helps the old man to think of pleasant things. An old tree is grander when a sapling grows beside it.

Sweetness, purity and modesty—the Divine Master could not give to a woman three graces more beautiful.

Boys are taught to be honorable and girls are taught to be virtuous. And the boy is permitted to be honorable without being virtuous. So therein lies the social story of this life.

Religion, pure and holy though it may be, must keep pace with the

shrewdness and the intelligence of the world in order that it may protect itself against the snares of the world. Innocence is not safety; wisdom alone is protection.

Faith is well enough, but simple faith is the reverse of reason; faith bats its eyes like an owl in the glare of a light.

This neighborhood was very much like the rest of the world-lacking heart only in places.

A mother may plan the marriage of her daughter, for that is romantic, but she looks with an anxious eye upon the marriage of her son, for that is serious.

American aristocracy is the most grinding of all aristocracies, for the reason that a man's failure to reach its grade is attributable to himself alone.

Inspiration is not of constant flame; the fire dies down, and the coals are covered with ashes, and it blazes not

until more fuel is brought. Blow not the coals; wait until the fuel doth come.

True rhetoric is the voice of God.

The devil deadens our senses with a sweet perfume that he may better steal the soul.

We meet many persons and become well acquainted with them, and yet never feel that they belong to our atmosphere. They are not necessary to the story of our lives, and yet that atmosphere of which they are not really a part, would not be wholly complete without them. They stand ready for our side talks; sometimes they even flip a sentiment at us, we catch it, trim it with ribbons and hand it back. They keep it; we forget.

Experience doesn't always make us wise. It sometimes tends to weaken rather than to make us strong. It might make freshness stale; it is a thief

that steals enthusiasm; it enjoins caution at the wrong time.

The night was hot, the slow air fumbled among the leaves. Far in the sultry west was an occasional play of lightning, the hot eye of day peeping back into the sweltering night.

Moonbeams fell through the window, a ladder of light upon which a spirit might well descend to earth.

Sometimes the soul is impatient of the body's dogged hold on life, and steals away to view its future domain, to draw in advance upon its coming freedom—now lingering, now swifter than a hawk,—and then it comes back and we say that we have been absent-minded.

Exact memory is not the vital part of true culture; it is the absorption of the idea rather than the catching of the words.

Sometimes a soothing spirit which the sun could not evoke from its boundless fields of light comes out of the dark bosom of a cloud. A bright day promises so much, so builds our hopes, that our keenest disappointments seem to come on a radiant morning, but on a dismal day, when nothing has been promised, a straggling pleasure is accidentally found and is pressed closer to the senses because it was so unexpected.

The noblest quality of man is mercy; the most godly quality of man is justice.

A woman's duty is not so clearly marked out now as it used to be. As long as man was permitted to mark it out her duty was clear enough—to him.

Successful men are often niggardly of advice, while the prattling tongue nearly always belongs to failure. Therefore, when a successful man does advise, heed him.

Happy is the man of old books. He hears voices whose sweetness years cannot destroy, whose bright eyes the dust of ages cannot dim.

It requires a good deal of brain to protect the heart.

In a man's surprise is a reflex of his ignorance.

What is art? A semblance of truth more beautiful than the truth.

The lover who seeks to be liberal is a hypocrite, a sneak-thief robbing his own heart.

The stake of the past and the gibbet of the present are emblems of martyrdom.

It's raining now, rhythmic, poetry—all poets have been as water. I will class them for you. Keats, the rivulet; Shelley, the brook; Byron, the creek; Tennyson, the river; Wordsworth, the

lake; Milton, the bay; and Shakespeare, the waters of all the world, the sea.

When we meet one with a noble purpose we feel stronger, though we may not know what that purpose is.

There is a difference between forgetting a thing and never having known it. But how natural it is for a man who never knew to say, "I forget."

"My dear" is the first link in the chain of bondage

Christ died to save every woman anyhow, and every man who does the best he can.

How rare it is that we find a soothing truth. When I was a child, I had to lie to protect the skin on my back, and I imagined that truth was a set of stiff bristles rising up to invite punishment.

Even a trick that causes a poor heart to laugh is better than many a cool virtue that goes about rebuking sin.

When a man becomes known as a good fellow the roadway that leads to success is closed to him. When favors are to be distributed they are given to other people.

We may be modest observers of action, but we are egotistic readers of motive.

How complete a scoundrel a man may be, and yet hold the admiration of honest women.

It is pleasant to be among other people who have not caught from the world the trick of concealing their feelings and who love simple music.

A lonesome song is the spirit of patience.

There is always some sort of hope as long as we are interested in ourselves.

At the threshold of a new venture, we look back upon the hopes that led us into other undertakings and upon many a failure we bestow a look of tender but half reproachful forgiveness.

You have a habit of silence that enforces respect for your talk. A talkative man utters many an unheeded truth.

The poet is not the only man who really lives,—those who worship with him, live with him.

The caves and nooks and quiet pools that lay along the stream are dreamful; there was not a mighty rock nor bold surprising bluff to startle one with its grandeur, but at the end of every view there was the promise of a resting place and never was the fancy led to disappointment. Now gurgle and drip, now perfect calm, the elm leaf motionless, the bird dreaming. And had history marched down that quiet vale a thou-

sand years ago and tinged the water with the blood of man, how sweetly verse would sing its beauty, from what distances would come the poet and the artist, the rich man seeking rest—all would flock to marvel and to praise. Ah, we care but little for what nature has done, until man has placed his stamp upon it.

Selfishness, extreme, unyielding selfishness, is the essential oil of success.

If a poet would look to his fame let him die when there is no other news.

If hope worked half the time there wouldn't be one-third as much trouble in the world.

Love itself is a divine outlaw. It tramples upon reason. Man has sought to regulate it, but he cannot. The cynic has striven to kill it with ridicule, but it has seized the cynic and

has made his soul beg for mercy. God does not restrain it, for it is a part of Himself.

Unless we look for cares they sometimes pass unobserved and unfelt.

The angels smile when we are kind to a bird.

A woman will pardon a thing that's rash where she would look with scorn upon a gentle stupidity.

A man may stand shoulder to shoulder with the law and yet wound his own conscience.

Love does not cast out fear; love invites fear; fear is love's companion.

What infatuation did common sense ever sanction? The man who could love wisely was a mere arithmetician, a shrewd figurer, an exactor of weights and measures; the man with a deeper, warmer, purer soul loved heedlessly.

How natural it is that the stupid should be dignified?

If a man be not vain, it is hard for him to believe that a beautiful woman loves him.

An old scholar looks with dread upon any sort of change.

What is that something which pilots men into the achievement of success? It cannot be the mind for wise men often strive in vain for recognition.

There is bravado in confessing to the world, but confessing to a friend is a virtue.

Nature is a thoughtless spendthrift; and love is a spendthrift; the Galilean was a spendthrift, for at the hearts of all men he threw His jewels—the rubies and the diamonds of his love In the eyes of society, of the law, he was a vagabond,. and I love him for that. He was the truest of all Bohe-

mians, a wandering genius, looking for a place to rest His head. He touched a vice and glorified it into a virtue He was not looking for the economical, the righteous; He frowned upon rules; conscious virtues. And instead of making me a bigot, it has made me liberal. I can scarcely bring myself to blame a man who does evil. I feel that it is not entirely his fault, for the love that I feel has been withheld from him.

Honesty among men is much more rare than virtue among women.

A man can do physical labor and, when he puts his tools aside, speak of subjects that annoy him; a man engaged in mental work cannot put his tools aside.

It is difficult to look through the dazzle and estimate the intelligence of a queen.

There has never been a great contemporaneous literature, for the narrow lines of the critic run into the past. It takes us almost a generation to discover that a writer is original; at first we call him crude, wanting in art; but afterward we may find that what we took to be a lack of finish is a new art, stronger, bolder than the old art.

In nearly all wisdom there is a tincture of cynicism.

Work has its degrees, idleness has not. We labor hard or easily, but when we are idle we simply rust.

To listen and to muse was more restful than to sleep. The first consciousness of life could not have been sweeter; the low roof, the patter, the luxurious bed and the soft air, scented with the midnight fragrance of the woods.

Give conscience time and it will find an easy bed, and yet the softest bed

may have grown hard ere morning comes.

A luxury brings with it the memory of a privation.

Love is by turns a sweet and anxious selfishness, while friendship is a broad-spread generosity.

Keen intelligence is never in smooth accord with itself.

A writer steals from himself his most secret beliefs and emotions and puts them into the mouths of his characters.

Ah, the tender, the hallowed egotism of a mother's love!

A powerful love looks upon itself as hopeless; upon it must be thrown that sort of a light, to complete its deliciousness.

Education is often the sensitizing of a nerve that leads to misery. To be a gentleman means to possess a large

ability to feel, and to feel is to worry, to brood and to suffer.

The greatest thinkers, the greatest poets were too broad and too great to live within society's prescription. Conventionality is a poisonous vapor, and genius cannot live in it.

If you can't tell what you are good for, no other man is ever likely to find out.

The horse on the tread-wheel can look through a crack, and see a flower growing outside.

Fame whirls her cloak in the air and we never know how soon it is going to fall.

To be enemies must argue a certain degree of equality.

Of course, it is not just to despise a man who has no ancestry, but it is a crime not to honor him if he has a worthy lineage.

of Opie Read

Great things do not come from a quiet heart. Quiet hearts may criticise, but they do not create. Genius is an agony, a tortured John Bunyan.

In matters of business we may correct an error, we may rub out one figure and put down another, but a mark made upon the heart is likely to remain there.

The man of genius always writes near home. The foolish and aimless romancer seeks a country of which his probable readers are not familiar. Then he can exercise a fancy acquired from unhealthful books instead of throwing aside the unlikely, and writing of the true.

Poverty has its arrogance, and foppery is sometimes found in rags.

It is reasonable to suppose almost anything when you start out on that line; but it's not common sense to act upon almost any supposition.

It is a pretty hard matter to live a lie even when it is imposed as a duty.

We are not to be vain of what nature has done for us, nor censured for what she has denied. We are all children, toddling about as an experiment, and wondering what we are going to be.

Nature may seem to mock her own endeavors, but I believe she creates with a purpose, though the purpose may remain hidden until the end.

Look there, you see a flower with a weed as its parent. The weed has done some good, for it has brought forth the flower and after all it must have held an unconscious refinement.

Ridicule is the bite of the spider, and it ought not to be directed against the man who dedicates his life to sacred work.

When a thing touches bottom it can't go any further down, but it may rise.

The trials, the failures and the successes of other men make us strong.

Nothing is more tiresome than to listen to a man's hopes.

If a man evinces good sense in conversation, why can't he evince good sense in action, since action is but the execution of thought?

Who can trace the filmy thread that lies between consciousness and sleep? Sometimes I fancied that it was a raveling from a rainbow with one end in the sunset, the other in the sunrise.

The perfect gentleman may be a bore; the perfect lady may be tiresome.

In man there is a sort of innocent evil, a liking for the half depraved, and an occasional feeding of this appetite heightens his respect for the truly virtuous.

The heart of woman will never know a perfect home until the love of its hero has built a mansion for it.

There is a difference between the sin of a man and a woman, but repentance is held out regardless of sex.

In the hands of love, duty is a sweet selfishness.

Christianity has not improved poetry, although it has blessed the world. Poetry, in its truest and sublimest sense, is the light of the dawn, and not the glare of noontide.

Without humor there could be no high state of civilization. The savage frowns; the philosopher laughs.

There are lanes so romantic that cool design could have had no hand in their arrangement. They hold the poetry of accident.

There is true reverence in nothing save silence.

of Opie Read

Life can be looked at with an eye altogether too conscientious to stand the dust that is blown about the street.

The greatest of men have trod the level ground, but it is hard to mark history upon a plain; there is no rugged place on which to hang a wreath, and on the prairie the traveling eye is accommodated by no inn whereat it may halt to rest.

The greatest women may not be emotional, but the truest women are.

The gilt on the dome doesn't prove that the dome is rotten; it may be strong with seasoned wood and ribs of iron.

Human nature is not over-scrupulous in a matter of business. The hard knot of competition takes the wire edge off the commercial axe. The commander of an army, though he may be what we term a perfect gentleman, does not hesitate to deceive the enemy.

Whenever you see a boy trying to amount to something help him, for that is a direct good done to mankind.

The preacher, in words as simple as the prattled story of a child, told them of the Saviour of mankind. "I want to tell you of a man whose life was tender and beautiful, who shared the sorrow of all humanity. He poured faith and love into hearts that were broken; he plucked the evil glitter from the eye of human wickedness, and in its place set the warm glow of trust and affection."

Although a courtesy may be a mistake, it is still a virtue.

War is sometimes a blessing. The world's greatest progress has been sprinkled with blood—blood, the emblem of the soul's salvation.

If you are going to worship a man, let him be a hero.

of Opie Read

Tell a man a truth he doesn't know and he may dispute it; call to his mind a truth which he has known and forgotten, and he regards it as a piece of wisdom.

Eve loved Adam, for Adam never neglected her.

The path of duty is the winding path that leads to the sweetest flowers.

Every evening comes with a new mystery. We think we know what to expect, but when the evening comes it is different from what it was yesterday. And it is thus that we are enabled to live without growing tired of the world and of ourselves.

A woman's heart is like a bird, beating upon the window at night, dazzled by the promise of a warmth within a glowing room, and seeing not an icy cruelty sitting beside the fire, lying in wait for a tender victim.

She played on the hillside until she got the sunshine mixed up in her voice.

How odd now it would seem to point out a man and say, "he once owned, in this land of freedom, a hundred human beings—owned them in body, but Christian-like yielded to God the direction of their souls."

We may for years carry in our minds a sort of mist that we cannot shape into an idea. Suddenly we meet a man, and he speaks the word of life unto that mist, and instantly it becomes a thought.

Two wrongs don't make a right, as the saying has it, but a wrong with a cause is half-way right.

After all, in the light of the world's universal inconsistency, all creeds are consistent.

Ah, but the sweetest communications come in a whisper.

How the coming of one person can change an atmosphere! At one moment the breath we draw is a new and invigorating hope, the next instant the air is parched and dead—we see an evil eye, a hated face.

A thousand scraps of knowledge don't make an education

If a man is too serious we call him a pessimist; if he is too happy we know that he is an idiot.

A consistent character in fiction is merely a strained form of art. In life the most arrant coward will sometimes fight; the bravest man at times lacks nerve; the generous man may sometimes show the spirit of the niggard. But your character in fiction is different. He must always be brave, or generous, or niggardly. He must be consistent, and consistency is not life.

If a man has truth in one hand it needn't make any difference what the other fellow has in both hands.

Your face is a Vandyke conception of a spirit of adventure, you are a strength repenting a weakness; there are flaws in you, and yet I could wish that I were the mother of such a son.

But if property makes a woman beautiful to the rich, why should it make her ugly to the poor?

Down deep in the grass a horde of insects shouted their death songs. Their day of judgment was soon to lie white upon the ground. Artists in their way, with no false notes, with mission ended, they were to die in art, among fantastic pictures wrought in the frost.

The late moon was rising, and in the magnolia gardens there seemed to waver a bright and shadowy silence—a

night when every sound is afar off, a half mysterious echo—the closing of a window shutter, the indistinct notes of an old song lagging in the soft and lazy air.

I hate a woman that hates children.

Adam enjoyed his greatest freedom before the appearance of Eve.

Work-day annoyances fester on Sunday.

Woman is a constant experiment. Nature herself does not as yet know what to make of her. One moment she is a joy, and the next she is searching for a man's weak spots, like a disease.

The wisest man among wise men could easily be a fool among women.

Hope is the world's best bank account. Hope is the soul's involuntary prayer.

It was a pleasure to stand in the mist, the trees shadowy about him. It was dreamy to fancy the fog a torn fragment of night, floating through the day. It was easy to imagine the lake a boundless sea. Over the rushes a loon flew, a gaunt and feathered loneliness, looking for a place to light.

Sometimes the biggest liar will tell the truest truth.

In the opinion of the world involution is depth. It takes a simple book a hundred years to become a classic.

Words may sometimes be ashes, but often they are coals of fire.

Failure has always been easier to understand than success. Failure is natural. It comes from the weakness of man and nothing is more natural than weakness.

Her complexion reminds me of a tinted vase with the light sweeping through it

A woman that smiles all the time wants you to think she's better than she is.

Abraham Lincoln could squeeze mirth and tears out of the heart all at once. When he arose to speak, and even before he had uttered a word, every man in the audience said to himself, "There is my brother."

Men who are the soonest to confess ingratitude are sometimes the most likely to prove ungrateful in the future.

A wisdom stolen tempts a stealthy use.

A scene may be described, but a condition must be felt.

That the brave are always gentle is a fallacy.

Jealousy is a matter of temperament more than of love.

The theory of to-day may become the scientific truth of to-morrow. And it may also be the scientific error of the day after to-morrow.

I believe that immortal fruit grows upon the tree of sincere repentance. I believe that each of us owes to God a life of simple purity and honesty. Our allotted time on earth is but a few days, and what should we gain though we be placed in high position among men, for high positions soon crumble into the dust of forgetfulness and men soon pass away. It is not enough simply to declare that we love the Lord, for love is often selfish; it is not enough simply to praise the Lord, for praise is sometimes the off-shoot of fear. While professing to love the Lord, and while showing that we praise Him we must look with tenderness upon the

faults of others; we must speak no evil word of a neighbor, neither shall we bear tales, for the man who comes and tells me that some one has spoken in our dispraise, may profess that he took our part to hush the mouth of slander, yet he destroys our happiness for an entire day.

If I am to have a master, let me have a masterful one.

Is it a kindred narrowness that drives a miser to a creed?

Horses can be called back from a false spurt in the race, and another start taken, but man must go on.

Histories are not so broad as some other forms of literary work, for they are mainly records of the narrow transactions of men. Women are so far above the shallow limitations of historical composition that no great history has ever been written by a woman.

To one who has been condemned to death there comes a resignation that is deeper than a philosophy. Despair has killed the nerve that fear exposed, and nothing is left for terror to feed on.

Nature sometimes makes sport of a man by giving him a heart. And what does it mean? It means that he shall suffer at the hands of other men, and that when his hour for revenge has come, his overgrown heart rises up and commands him to be merciful.

Indifference can be more patient than love.

The mind ripens, and why should not the heart undergo a change? It is all a growth, a development, and nature is not to be criticised by her children.

The things that make the most difference are the ones we cannot see.

The strongest of all genius—that genius which we meet, talk to and laugh with and still respect.

Is a beautiful face but the light thrown from a beautiful soul?

If we are taught to die for love we ought to kill for it.

Art is the old age of trade.

Prejudices are sometimes our dearest inheritances. In a quickly formed prejudice there is always more or less of intuition.

A woman may be pleased with light talk and with a lively manner, but her respect for a man rests upon his seriousness, his ardor, for to her there is a charm even in an enthusiastic trouble.

The mere existence of a state line does not change human nature. Man is not changed even by the lines drawn about empires.

What has made this country great, the gentility of Virginia or the dogged industry of New England? To whom do we owe most, the silver-buckled gentleman or the steeple-hatted Puritan?

A man that is easy with a man is always exacting with a woman.

Why should a man have an ambition to own large tracts of land—his mind can't lie at ease on acres.

Bunyan held the idea that the only way to be good was first to be bad.

Ah! What is sweeter, and what can be purer than the uneducated backwoodsman's love of a book?

Ah, love, we demand that you shall not only be happy, but miserable at our wish. We would dim your eye when our own is blurred; we would smother your heart when our own is heavy, and

would pierce it with a pain. Upon her children this old world has poured the wisdom of her gathered ages, and could we look from another sphere we might see the minds of great men twinkling like the stars, but the human heart is yet unschooled, yet has no range of vision, but chokes and sobs in its own emotion, as it did when the first poet stood upon a hill and cried aloud to an unknown God.

I am a strong believer in natural fitness. We may learn to do a thing in an average sort of way, but excellence requires instinct, and instinct, of course, can't be learned.

You've got to be foolish or a woman will think you've ceased to love her. The minute you are strong she thinks you have forgotten her.

No matter how Quakerish in dress a man may be, there is a good deal of fear mixed up in his contempt for good

clothes. And when an old fool imagines himself in love, a necktie is of more weight than an idea.

I read of love, the rapture of the poet and the slow-running syrup of the romancer, and I smile. Oh, it may be well enough for a man, but for a woman —a sprinkle of gold dust on an iron chain.

There is no failure more complete than the one that comes along in the wake of a success.

When we realize a weakness we have found a strength.

The majority of men whom we term eccentric, are not only wide-awake to their own peculiarities, but seem to be ever cultivating them to a higher state of oddity.

Luck begets luck, and failure suckles a failure.

A man's never so big a liar as when he's telling things about himself or his enemy.

Truth told to man is a virtue—told to a woman a sublimity.

A studied art may become a careless grace, witness the Frenchman and the Spaniard; but the blunt Anglo-Saxon must still depend upon truth for his incentive—the others taste dainty viands; he feeds upon blood-dripping meat.

Upon what does success depend? Mind? Oh, no. Industry? No. What then? Temperament. Temperament is of itself a success.

There is more wisdom in the Bible than in all other books put together. I don't care anything about creed, or what one man or another may believe; I don't care how or why it was written —I brush aside the oaths that have been sworn on it and the dying lips

that have kissed it; I shut my eyes to everything but the fact that it is the greatest opera, the greatest poem, the greatest tragedy ever written.

At a cross-roads stood an old brick house, an ancient rarity upon a landscape white spotted with wooden cottages. It was a rest for the eye, a place for a moment of musing, a page of a family's record, a bit of dun-colored history. It was built long before the railroad set the clocks of the country, before man entered into business co-partnership with the minute and employed the second as his agent.

To the youthful, two summers are twins; to the older, they are relatives; to the aged, strangers.

It was a day when we like to read the old things which long ago we committed to memory. We know the word before we reach it, but reaching it we find it full of a new meaning. But the

hours are long when the heart is restless. In the woods the mist hung in the tree-tops as if vapor were the world's slow-moving time, balking among the dripping leaves.

In the matter of marriage genius often unconsciously seeks the constancy of the sturdy and the commonplace.

Quiet self-assurance in home-spun clothes exists only in America.

Let the judgment administer upon cool affairs and let the heart keep warm in its own joy.

Nothing can appear colder than passion's studied by-play.

A strong rope—made of the strands of weaknesses.

It is a rare charity to pardon a misdeed committed against one's self. It is easier to condone a crime committed against a neighbor.